IRISH NATIONALIST.

FREEDOM, TRUTH, AND JUSTICE.

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THE IRISH NATIONALIST.

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SPECIAL NOTICE.—Under no circumstance will any advertisement of unchaste character or doubtful influence be inserted in these columns. Notices coming from parties unknown to the Publishers, must be paid for in advance.

TO OUR READERS.

We point with pride to the full report of the celebration of St. Patrick's Day in this week's issue of the IRISH NATIONALIST, and also to the varied, original and select articles.

We can safely say that so excellent a literary treat has never before in America been laid before Irish Nationalists and all lovers of Ireland's Independence.

It shall be our constant aim to make this the BEST IRISH PAPER PUBLISHED IN AMERICA. To do this we have made arrangements which involve great expense, to meet which we rely on the aid of every Irishman in America who desires to see Ireland free, and the Irish race in America elevated to a position which they are entitled to occupy.

In view of these facts we have decided to increase the price of the IRISH NATIONALIST—beginning with the first issue in April—to four dollars per year for country subscribers, clubs of ten three dollars, and for city subscribers ten cents per copy, delivered by carriers.

We earnestly urge on those of our country subscribers who are delinquent to forward their subscriptions at once to this office, and to urge on their friends of Irish birth and sympatny to subscribe.

Our St. Patrick's Day Extra.

Our St.. Patrick's Day Extra of ten thousand copies, printed in green and distributed gratuitously, was a great feature in the celebration of the day. As an evidence of how it was appreciated we may mention that every one of the three thousand copies circulated in the Califor-Theatre were taken away as mementos. For the benefit of our thousands of readers we reproduce the poems, &c, delivered on that occasion—as well as the articles from the suppressed copy of the Dublin *Nation* of July, 29th 1848, now printed for the first time in America. We recommend our readers to carefully peruse them.

NEW YORK "DAILY GRAPHIC."—We have received a copy of the New York "Daily Graphic" with numerous illustrations, and an abundance of entertaining reading matter. The "Graphic" has always been an enterprising, and is now proving a successful paper; in fact as a proof of newspaper enterprise and ingenuity it stands foremost as one of the greatest successes of the age.

"A Thing of Beauty is a Joy Forever."—Keats.

SUCCESS to who that deserve it. We would call the attention of our readers to the stock of goods of E. O'Reilly, the energetic Picture and Looking-glass dealer at the corner of Fifth and Market streets. He imports every thing in his line from the Publishers and dealers in the East and Europe, and is always ready to supply orders at short notice in Scenery of our "native land." He has everything published, and as for Religious subjects he has an immense stock in Pictures—of others, he has one of the finest assortments on the Coast. In looking-glasses of any style or size it would be impossible for the trade to compete with him, and in picture frames there is such variety that you are suited at once, and as to price, he will guarantee that he will sell lower than the lowest and he will offer an invitation to our friends in the country to pay him a visit on the first opportunity. Remember E. O'Reilly, Fifth and Market streets. *

Make Money,

Fast and honorably, $12 50 per day, or $75 per week, by at once applying for a territorial right, (which are given free to agents,) to sell the best, strongest, most useful, and rapid selling Sewing Machine, and Patent Button Hole Worker, ever used or recommended by families, or buy one for your own use; it is only $5. Sent free everywhere by express. Address all orders, etc., to BUCKLAND SEWING MACHINE, cor. Greenwich and Cortlandt streets New York. *

ACCOUNT OF THE CELEBRATION.

(Continued from 5th page.)

and joined in by the audience, closed the programme.

The exercises were interspersed with music by a full orchestra. The proceedings reflected much credit on all the participants who kindly volunteered for the occasion. As the theatre had to be given up at five o'clock, the audience did not insist on encores, by special request of the President.

Balls in Celebration of St. Patrick's Day.

The MacMahon Grenadier Guard celebrated its fifteenth anniversary by a grand ball on St. Patrick's night, at Platt's Hall. The floor and galleries were filled with a select company, and crowding had been avoided by the invitations being limited. Over the door was the word "Welcome," in burning letters, and behind were arrayed American Flags. On the stage were placed stands of arms, surmounted by busbies, knapsacks and other accoutrements of the guard. The two large and handsome flags of the Company were suspended from the galleries, and the floor was covered with white canvass which displayed to the greatest advantage the toilettes of the ladies.

The A. O. H. Ball.

Those who attended the third annual ball of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, which took place at Union Hall, were certainly well entertained by the managers. The music was by by the La Salle Band, under the leadership of Mr. Charles Flanagan, and was well performed. It included many of the old Irish airs, which were well received by those present.

The Shields Guard Party

So great was the demand to be present at the annual ball of the Shields Guard that Irish American Hall was not of sufficient capacity and the lower hall was called into requisition. The old Piper was on hand here, and those who desired to indulge in the pastime of Irish jigs and reels, could do so without stint. It is needless to state that this hall was well filled during the night. The upper hall contained Willis' band, and was crowded. The stage was decorated with flags, stands of arms, a star of bouquets, etc., and opposite were the words "Welcome Friends," in colored letters.

The Emerald Isle Ball.

The Sons of the Emerald Isle Benevolent Association must certainly consider themselves very popular, judging from the large crowds who sought admission to their twenty-first anniversary ball, held at Huddy's Hall on Tuesday evening.

The Knights' Party.

The annual military and civic ball of the Knights of the Red Branch, held at Horticultural Hall, attracted a very large crowd, who appeared delighted with the arrangements of the committees. A new feature was the introduction of stereopticon views, which were exhibited during the dancing before intermission. A large number of beautiful views were exhibited, and photographs of the following patriots were enlarged to life-size by the lantern: Emmet, Wolf Tone, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, Henry Grattan, Thomas Davis, Thomas F. Meagher, Terence Bellew McManus, Wm. Smith O'Brien, the Manchester Martyrs. The dancing was in charge of a competent committee, and with good music the company remained on the floor until the medley had been played, shortly after four o'clock. The whole affair was admirably managed by the members and committee.

The Irish Nationalists' Ball.

The first party and dinner given by the members of the Irish Nationalists' Mutual Aid Society came off at Huddy's Hall. on St. Patrick's eve. The attendance was not large, but sufficient to make the party a success, socially and financially. Dancing was commenced at half past nine, and continued until after twelve, when the company marched to supper, which was served in an adjoining room. A large number of toasts were proposed and responded to by the officers and members. Dancing was again resumed at half past two and continued until a late hour. The whole party was a complete success for the young society.

Banquet of the Irish Literary and Social Club.

One of the pleasantest reunions which the 17th of March occasioned was that of the Irish Literary and Social Club, at their rooms on Market street. As we might expect from the title the meeting was eminently social, and was thoroughly enjoyed by all present. Shortly after nine o'clock the members and guests sat down to an elegant banquet, and for about two hours devoted themselves to the serious business of discussing the choice viands which were plentifully spread before them. At half-past eleven the first of the regular toasts was announced, and the programme was regularly gone through, varied only by a few substitutions and encores, and diversified at the close of each speech by a musical fusilade of champagne corks. The speakers all acquitted themselves well, while the listeners enjoyed their eloquence and a first-rate cigar simultaneously. It is very difficult to discriminate among so many good speeches, but those of Messrs. Hamill and Walsh merit special mention and special praise. Mr. Russell, who was extremely good-natured in responding to the repeated calls on his vocal powers, and Mr. J. C. Williamson, also did much to enliven the meeting. The programme of regular toasts was as follows:

The Day We Celebrate, St. Patrick's Day—Linking together Irishmen all over the world in commemoration of their common Nationality, Fraternity and Christianity. Music, "St. Patrick's Day." Responded to by the President and D. Cullinan. Song, Richard Tobin.

Ireland—"Land of our sires, no mortal hand
Shall ere untie the filial band
That knits our hearts to thee."
Music, "Dear Old Land." Responded to by Richard O'Sullivan. Song, "Erin, Home of my Childhood," J. F. Kingswell.

The United States—
"That one great clime,
Whose vigorous offspring, by dividing ocean,
Are kept apart and nursed in the devotion
Of freedom, which their fathers bled for
And bequeathed."
Music, "Hail Columbia." Responded to by R. M. Clarken. Song, "Star Spangled Banner," D. D. Byrne.

The Memory of Washington—
"Yes, one—the first, the last, the best,
The Cincinnatus of the West,
Whom envy could not hate,
He left the name of Washington
To make men blush there was but one."
Music, "Dirge"

The President of the United States—The first of a country where all are equal. "Primus inter pares." Music, "Hail to the Chief." Responded to by M. C. Hassett. Song, "The Day When You'll Forget Me," J. G. Russell

California—The land we live in, our chosen land. Music. Respoaded to by J. F. Sullivan. Song, "Shamus O'Brien," J. C. Williamson.

The Governor of California—Music, "Governor's March." Responded to by Hon. John Hamill. Song, Mr. Desmond.

The Patriots of '98 and '48—
"Far dearer the grave or the prison,
Illumed by one patriot's name,
Than the trophies of all who have risen,
On Liberty's ruins to fame."
Responded to by Colonel P. F. Walsh. Song, "O'Donnell Aboo," M. B. Buckley.

The Army and Navy of the United States—In peace or war, of the people and with the people. Music, "Red, White and Blue." Responded to by Colonel A. Wason. Song, "Let Me Like a Soldier Fall," M. J. Talbot.

Our Sister Societies of San Francisco—Music, "Wearing of the Green." Responded to by James R. Kelly, Esq. Song, "The Horticultural Wife," James Tighe.

The Press—No tyranny can repress or calamity depress it—the free Press of a free people. Responded to by R. O'Sullivan. Music, "Yankee Doodle."

The Ladies—Music, "Lovely Woman." Responded to Robert Tobin, Jr. "Kitty Terrill," Thomas Healy.

The list was not completed till nearly three o'clock, and the festivities were prolonged to a still later hour. We need only wish the Irish Literary and Social Club a corresponding success in all they undertake to embody every desire of their sincerest well-wishers.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh visited Eugenie at Chislehurst on the 17th inst.

DISRAELI and Sir Stafford Northcote are re-elected to Parliament without opposition.

IN Tierhoot District 100,000 starving people have applied for relief during the past few days.

SPECIAL dispatches to the "Daily News" from Central Asia represent that anarchy reigns in Khiva.

PARLIAMENT was opened on the 19th inst., when the Queen's speech was read.

THE Carlists report that Seballo has captured a column of 2,500 men under General Novillas.

THE Carlist leader, Trientang, has defeated Tarragano. It is rumored that the Carlists have raised the siege of Bilbao.

THE Prussian "Cross Gazette" intimates that the Reichstag will be dissolved, if it persists in refusal to fix the ordinary strength of the army at 400,000 men, as demanded by the Government.

THE Roman Catholic Bishops in the Reichsrath threaten to withdraw if the passage of the ecclesiastical bills is pressed.

AT the next meeting of the Court of Common Council Corporation of London a motion will be brought forward that a present, value two-thousand guineas, be presented to the Duchess of Edinburgh in token of respectful admiration.

SUPPRESSED COPY OF THE DUBLIN "NATION."

THE TOCSIN OF IRELAND.

(FROM THE SUPPRESSED NATION OF JULY 29, 1848.)

Ireland is perhaps at this hour in arms for her rights; in arms for the rights so patiently solicited, so perversely refused, so tyrannically trampled upon while one fragment of them remained.

The rights which she ought in vain to purchase with her tears; which she springs up at last to purchase with heart's blood only when the sacred charter of manhood, without which our life is lower than the dog's or the slave's—is trampled under the feet of her foreign lords.

It is her last resource, long evaded, long postponed; the bitter cup which Heaven would not permit to pass away from her; and now, in the face of Europe, in the face of America, in the face of our kindred, our race, and our nation, in the face of the great Creator of us all, we declare that this war is just and necessary; that men may enter upon it with a free conscience, and a full assurance that it is Heaven's work.

It is no light or factious quarrel. Oh! surely not, my friends. *We fight for liberty to live.* Hundreds of thousands of Irishmen would again die in the tortues of famine; hundreds of thousands of Irishmen would again fly over the wide sea to perish of unknown horrors in the swamps of Canada and the woods of Michigan, if we bowed our neck to the parliament of England at this hour. *We fight for liberty to retain the rights of mankind*—that in common with every nation in Europe, we may possess arms—that our lips may be free to utter just complaints—that the laws may be our protection, not alone against the common robber and housebreaker, but against the robber in the livery and arms of authority, and the housebreaker carrying the ukase of a Privy Council or the edict of a Secretary of State. We fight to resist outrages on a people more grevious and dishonouring than these for which an English King was carried to the block; outrages which at this hour would cause the swords of France or Italy to spring from their scabbards to strike dead their audacious author. We fight because there is no remedy but the sword; because in this island, so favoured by Heaven, our traders have been made bankrupts, our peasantry have been transformed into hideous paupers, our gentry have been erected into a hostile garrison, and our educated classes corrupted into stipendiaries and arch-detectives, by the diabolical acts of England. Because the seeds of hatred between creed and creed, between class, and class, between man and man, have been studiously sown by her hand, to the ruin of our strength and of our honour. Because we have been an exception to the nations of the earth. Throughout all Europe there was a scarcity in the past year; in Ireland alone there were famine and death. Throughout all Europe there have been concessions to the will of the people; in Ireland alone was there insolence for concession, and tyranny for justice. We fight because we are denied peace, except at the price of dishonour; because the men who have abandoned the enjoyments of wealth and civilization to fight in the ranks of the people are doomed to the prison—perhaps predistined to the grave of Tone and Fitzgerald, if the people permit them to fall into the hands of their enemy. We fight, because the honour, the interest, the necessity, the very existence of this ancient nation depends upon our valour and devotion at this hour. If we cower—if we flinch, if we falter, the hopes are gone for which our fathers, and our fathers' fathers gave their life's blood. Gone in the stench of dishonour and infamy that will cling to it forever.

For 500 years the flower of every generation of Irishmen have been killed on the battle fields, or murdered on the scaffold, or driven into desolate exile, for this cause. Genius and courage that would have made our island illustrious in all ages have been scattered over the earth, or wasted in feverish projects of redemption. It is time this should end.—In God's name let it end now. Let this be your last struggle. Earth is weary of our groans; let us kindle the heart anew with the roar of our onset, and soothe it with the *Te Deum* of a holy victory.

Arise then, brave comrades, arise! since it must be so. The firiest soul is now the wisest and the best. This is the hour when individual manhood is worth al the arts and science of diplomacy. Whoso will strike fearlessly at the right hour is a deliverer and a king. The destiny of a nation, the hopes of mankind, to-day ask but the heart. Sicily beating on the breast of Ireland. Come, then, dear friends, by our love of the old land, by the stern memory of our wrongs, without redress and without hope, save in your own courage, come and rally round the green banner wheresoever it floats. We are the millions, and irresistible. They are but a few units, to be scattered before us like a single hunter before the whole forest at bay. In our noble cause every man has a part and an interest, every village is a depot, every hamlet an ally, every stick, every stone is a weapon. They can stand before us no more than the grass before the lava—the brushwood against the avalanche. Be bold and true, and one moon will not swell and fade till the battle is won—won for us and our children and posterity for ever—won for all the races scattered over that wide desert of sordid tyranny upon which the sun never sets.

There is no neutrality now. You must choose your side, and choose quickly. If you love famine, stripes and dishonour—if you are prepared to abandon your arms and your liberty—join in the red ranks of England. If you love justice—if your heart warms at the memories of the dear land—if it swells with the hope of her deliverance and her glory, God bless you, your side is with your country—your rank is beneath the green banner of Ireland.

Let no man who has stimulated this quarrel by word or deed, presume to hold back now. If he does he is dishonored and accursed—

"Earth is not deep enough to hide
The coward slave who turns aside;
Hell is not hot enough to scathe
The traitor knave who'd break his faith."

If we fail—if our success is not instantaneous and overwhelming—the shame must lie with men pledged to the cause, or secretly devoted to it, but who hold back at the right minute for action. And verily they will have their reward. If this cause perish no cowardice, no caution, will save *them*. Disgrace will dog them to the death. Dishonor will sit, like a household fiend on their hearths. They will be a byeword of scorn, and men will point their fingers at them till the grave covers them and the worms prey upon them.

And worse scourges than war lie in wait for them. Down will come the potato blight like a curse of God for their cowardice. Down will come the exterminators more desolating than a famine. Down will come Twisiloton and his horde of obscure harpies to seize upon the last fragment of their subsistence. Down will come the British parliament to scourge them with new taxes, new coercion bills, new insults, and new r bbery. Down will come the ruffian gang of Irish members to mock at their despair, and sell the trust they gave them; and where then will the people look for a protector? Who will lift his voice for that base generation who have abandoned their generous leaders, their plighted honour, and their immortal hopes, from cowardice?

But if we succeed—*when* we succeed, did God ever bless men with so intoxicating a triumph as will be ours? To see our nation arise again like a young queen, proud and happy. To see posterity run like fresh blood through all the veins of society. To see our Irish race year after year growing more prosperous, more manly, more virtuous. To see the green banner that we love still floating before our eyes, like the star of our destiny. To see all the Irish race, without distinction of class or creed, united in our love, and ready to maintain the rights of our native land against all mankind. Oh, God grant it! God send it soon, though our blood be part of the price to purchase that immortal treasure of liberty.

IRISH NEWS.

The "Irish Times" of the 17th ult. says: When the new find of coal was reached, at the Clough Colliery, county Kilkenny, the miners who had been brought from England by the company who had leased the mines from Mr. Bryan, M. P., celebrated the event by hoisting the Union Jack at the works. Their doing so would not have excited notice but for the fact that underneath the Union Jack was suspended a small stripe of green bunting. This circumstance created some comment and considerable annoyance among the people, in consequence of the position in which the national color was placed. The result was, that in the course of the night, both the colors were taken away by some person or persons unknown. When this was discovered the Union Jack was again hoisted in conjunction with an Orange flag. Much indignation was felt by the people, and it is to be regretted that a letter, threatening to "do away" with some of the managers of the works if the flags were not removed, has been received at the office of the mining company. The Englishmen at the works profess to be ignorant of the cause of annoyance to the people, and rumor ascribes it to the presence of some North of Ireland men amongst the miners brought from England.

The death, on the 10th ult., is announced of the Very Rev. James O'Kane, for many years the respected Senior Dean of St. Patrick's College, Maynooth. He was born at Newtownstewart, county of Tyrone, in the year 1825, and received his education at Foyle College, Londonderry. In August, 1840, he entered, as an ecclesiastical student of the Diocese of Derry, the College of St. Patrick's, Maynooth, to which he has ever since remained attached.

A petition against the return of Major W. R. Ormsby Gore, for the County of Leitrim, is about being presented by Captain Francis O'Bierne, a principal feature of which, is the allegation that 73 votes given for him were, at the scrutiny, rejected by the Sheriff, because, as alleged, the presiding officer of a polling station marked the registered numbers of each elector on his ballot, thus identifying each of them, and destroying their votes.

The Lord Lieutenant has pronounced Mr. George Bromell not eligible to fill the office of clerk to the Boyle Petty Sessions, in consequence of his being editor of a newspaper; and that, under the circumstances, Mr. Wm. Gillespie must be considered to have been elected as clerk for the petty sessions district in question.

On the 16th ult., the members of the Young Men's Society, Cork, presented Mr. McCarthy, M. P., their president, with a congratulatory address on his having obtained the honor of representing the borough of Mallow in the Imperial Parliament. Previous to the presentation there was a soiree.

THE IRISH NATIONALIST.

SAN FRANCISCO, MARCH 21, 1874.

[Written for the Irish Nationalist.]

St. Patrick's Day, 1874.

When the first doom of tyranny was spoken
And Europe took her stand,
Panting above the fetters she had broken,
And waited, sword in hand.

When from the forests of the German highlands
Still pealed the battle-cry,
Finding an echo in the Western Islands
And 'neath an Irish sky;

There landed on the wave-lashed shores of Erin
A preacher of that faith,
Then, in the twilight of its first appearing,
Now mightier than Death;

Fearlessly speaking down the superstition
That then bound down the free,
And teaching Innisfail her true position
And native sovereignty.

Fell at his words the power of the Druid,
And Freedom had its birth.
Oh! for a second Patrick to renew it
Forever on the earth.

He passed away—but in a grateful nation
His memory survives;
His name the warrant of our land's salvation
And honored in our lives.

One day each year we celebrate his mission
And blessed ministry;
And Erin's sons, of every condition,
In fancy then are free.

Alas! that it should be in fancy only,
Alas! that Innisfail
Must pine on in her fetters, faint and lonely,
While tyrants still prevail.

Shall it be ever thus? Ah! no, a murmur
Reaches the Golden Gate;
It crosses the broad continent, and firmer
Tells us to watch and wait.

The welcome whisper—Ireland is not sleeping—
Is heard upon our coast;
Our gallant country still her faith is keeping
That all is not yet lost.

Hope's vision shews the serried ranks of freedom;
Hope's ear can hear their tread;
With men like those that we have lost to lead 'em,
Old Ireland's deathless Dead.

The glorious SUNBURST on the air is streaming,
The emerald banners wave.
Just Heavens! Are such visions only dreaming?
Is Erin still a slave?

Arise, brave men, and let this celebration
Of our Saint's ministry
Be the last gathering of a trampled nation,
The next, let us be free!

Joy's smile may lurk beneath the tear of sorrow,
And Freedom's blessed ray
Breaking from clouds of slavery to-morrow,
Gild next St. Patrick's Day.

G. H. J.

Ireland of To-Day.

Joseph Medill, of Chicago, editor of the Chicago *Tribune* and quondum Mayor of that city, has been spending some time in Ireland. In one of his recent letters he thus speaks of the old land and its people, Fall of 1873:

The streams are everywhere bright and clear, and generally swift running. For so small a territory, there are remarkably large rivers and lakes. With the exception of one or two in Switzerland, there are larger lakes than can be found elsewhere in Europe. The Shannon is a larger river than any in Great Britain, and navigable for a longer distance. The harbors are among the finest in the world. The climate is remarkably temperate and equable. Many plants which can only flourish in hot-houses in England, flourish in the open air in Ireland; while the great moisture which prevails is so favorable to vegetation that the country is carpeted in almost perpetual green. This verdure extends to the mountain tops where there is a particle of earth, and on the sea shores right down to where the ocean-breakers dash upon the rocks.

From what I had heard before visiting Ireland, I supposed it was nearly a treeless country. But such is not the case. Every rod square, almost which is unfit for cultivation, is covered with trees. Trees abound on the mountains and on the steep hillsides, and along many of the roads and lanes; and they may be seen everywhere standing singly or in clumps. Where one tree is seen in Illinois from the windows of the train, fifty may be seen in Ireland.

The hedge-rows add greatly to the beauty of the landscape. Then the foliage of the thorn is a very dark green, and those live fences can be distinguished for long distances, subdividing the face of the country into squares like those on a chess-board.

As a general rule, the fields of Ireland are mere patches, to the eyes of an American. More than half the island is fenced off into fields of four to eight acres, and it is seldom that a field of fifty acres is seen. The way a fence is made is as follows: An embankment is thrown up three or four feet high from the earth, taken from a ditch on either side thereof. On this embankment is planted nursery-thorns, or the thorn-berries, and in a short time there is a live fence that will last for generations, and turn anything, whether man or beast. For most of the year, the ground is so saturated with water that these fence-ditches are needed to drain the fields and carry off the surplus rainfall. On the heavy clay soils, ditches can hardly be too numerous; and this is an argument in favor of small fields. On the stoney lands, the fences are constructed of stone, and there are thousands of miles of such fences in Ireland; but the thorn-hedges predominate.

While the climate is damp, and the ocean winds raw and disagreeable for most of the year, yet the country is remarkably healthy. The bills of mortality are as low as any country in the world. In 1872 the deaths were only [illegible] to the 1,000, while the births were 34 to the [illegible] inhabitants. This would indicate about 483,000 births against 97,000 deaths. It is this extraordinary salubrity and fecundity that enables the little island to send forth such prodigious swarms of emigrants without being depopulated. I picked up a Belfast paper one day, and glancing at the obituary notices, counted upwards of thirty deaths where the deceased had each reached beyond the age of three score and ten, and several had passed eighty and two ninety. The proportion of gray haired men and women met with in Ireland is very remarkable; but the reason is, that the young men and women go beyond the seas by tens of thousands annually. The general poverty of the country, and the difficulty of obtaining subsistence, force them to leave a land which they passionately adore.

How Ireland Regards the Declaration.

[From the Dublin Freeman's Journal, February 11th.]

Mr. Disraeli will be, in a few weeks, Prime Minister of England. Whether Mr. Gladstone lays down office at once, or elects to meet inevitable defeat in the first division after Parliament meets, the result will be the same. The Queen must send for the leader of the Tory party, and Mr. Disraeli never held that leadership with a more unquestioned sway than he does at this hour. He will undertake the office of Prime Minister under circumstances very different from those which conditioned his former tenure of power. In '67-68 he was in the degrading position of the Minister of a minority, bound to register the wishes of an all powerful opposition. He now takes office as the chief of a majority, strong in numbers, and flushed by an unexampled victory. Yesterday, for the first time since that victory placed the reins of power within his grasp, he spoke at a meeting of his constituents in Buckinghamshire, and the public will, with eager interest, devour every word of the address which we this day publish. Part of it is devoted to badinage, very amusing but of course unimportant. Another portion is given up to some wise and sensible remarks on the Indian famine, a great subject which has been too much lost sight of in the heat of a general election. But the most important portion of Mr. Disraeli's speech—the most important alike for the Empire and for the dwellers in this island—was the somewhat elaborate discussion of Irish affairs with which he concluded his address. The meaning and import of the words of the right hon. gentleman were unmistakable. Mr. Disraeli inaugurates his career of Prime Minister by declaring war to the knife against Ireland, her wishes, and her demands. The two important measures of Irish reform with which the Gladstone Government is forever identified, Mr. Disraeli, in solemn and emphatic terms, repudiates and denounces. He declares that the Land Act was "a confiscation of the rights of the Irish Proprietors;" and he describes the Church Act as a "despoiling of the Irish Church." But these utterances are of little consequence. The Church Act and the Land Act are achievements beyond Mr. Disraeli's power to make or mar. His opinions as to the past are known. Of far more consequence is it to ascertain his views as to the future. Of the three "planks" in the Irish popular platform, Home Rule and Fixity of Tenure are two. Mr. Disraeli very plainly told the electors of Bucks what he thought about both. Home Rule, he emphatically declared, meant "a dismemberment of the Empire." The Irish demand with reference to land was "a questioning of the very principles of property." As to the movement for Denominational Education, Mr. Disraeli was silent. But from that silence we cannot deduce any favorable conclusions. Over and over again, in his speech of yesterday, the right honorable gentleman declared that Ireland had been "debauched by legislation." His theory plainly is that the remedial legislation of the last four or five years has been the most utter folly, and that he will not continue it. It is beyond the power of Mr. Disraeli to undo what has deen done for Ireland, but it is within his power to stagnate the tide of wholesome reform, to check the march of progress, to preserve abuses, and to perpetuate wrongs. This is the policy he yesterday foreshadowed; this is the old Tory policy which has provoked the just resentment and indignation of this country, and which explains the fact that, even in these days of comparative reaction, the Tories, elsewhere triumphant "all along the line," have, in Ireland, met with more than one serious disaster and crushing defeat.

O'Connell's Prophecy.

[From the suppressed copy of the Dublin Nation, July 29th, 1848.]

O'Connell in 1826 (at the Munster provincial meeting held in Waterford), said, of the imperial ministers of his day—

"They speculate upon the weakness of Ireland. We are more than seven millions. They speculate upon our attachment to British connection, and that speculation is not vain, so far as it refers to us, who have grown into maturer years, under impressions and with opinions favorable to that connection. They speculate upon our horror of blood and anarchy of rebellion and crime. And they are right in that speculation. But let them not mistake our constitutional and conscientious submission to legal authority, for any unwillingness and unfitness to exert all our faculties, mental and corporeal, upon any fitting and constitutional occasion, in the vindication of our natural rights as men, and our just privileges as subjects. The conflict in his country's cause has in itself no terror for the Irishman. The maturity of life has reached me in the struggle; but yet my step is firm, and my arm too is not unnerved. So that I should not feel any personal deficiency to deter me from joining in the battle's roar in the cause of my country. But I have been bred in the doctrines of dutiful submission to the constitution; and those who have acted with me, and grown into age around me, have participated in the same sentiments. The speculation is, therefore, so far safe which reckons on our submission. But I am not without my perception of passing events and instigating causes. Yes, coming events do cast their shadows, and I behold many circumstances which enable me to anticipate the future history of Ireland. The rising generation is not as submissive as their fathers were. It may not be equally safe to treat them ill, as it is to illtreat us. The rising youth of Ireland appear to have their pulses beating with better blood, and I have remarked more than once that while I, myself, was tranquil, the eye of youth scarce reached beyond childhood was glistening with indignation at the history of six centuries of mis-government which this country has endured. This fiery youth, with hotter blood boiling in their veins, is accumulating fast around us. Whilst we of the old day live, we can and will restrain them. But when the grave has closed upon those who have been nurtured in submission, and trained in the toils of patient entreaty, and constitutional prayer; when we are removed, oh, may England for her own sake, for the sake of humanity, and above all, to turn off the evils which even a successful struggle must inflict on Ireland—may she learn to be wise in time, and to be just while she may be so with dignity and grace. May she never force (for she can not do otherwise) Ireland to imitate America.

CARDINAL ANTONELLI has issued a circular stating that the existence of the pretended bull for regulating the election of a future Pontiff is purely apocryphal.

PRIVATE information from London, England, confirms the report that three regiments are to be forwarded to Canada, one of them to be stationed in Quebec.

Dry Goods.

THE PEOPLE'S PALACE

SYSTEM.

THE GRAND OLD PRINCIPLE OF **ONE PRICE** IS TELLING WITH WONDROUS effect. What a change! Two years ago, when GLEESON & FELL instituted the ONE PRICE SYSTEM, the Retail Dry Goods Business was very defective in its workings, if not absolutely dishonest. If a tradesman ask $40 for an article, and can afford to and does take $30, we consider it—in fact we cannot look upon it in any other light—a dishonest attempt. To say the least of it, it is an extortion, and a rotten way of transacting business, engendering suspicion, distrust, want of confidence, and a fearful loss of time. We have led the forlorn hope on this masked battery of double dealing, and so far as our firm is concerned, we have achieved a perfect victory. We have effected a radical change, simplified business, and given confidence to those that visit us. We are the pioneers of the One Price System in San Francisco. Others, seeing the vast and healthy results accruing through our simplicity of business, have pretended, or to be more generous, they have tried to follow in our footsteps, but they have not the moral courage to carry it out in its entirety. The fact is, they can't refuse coin—it is a moral inability with them—and they take the offered bid, comforting themselves with the assurance that they will make up the difference on the first purchaser they can successfully operate on. Yet, while these men are fighting for price the livelong day, GLEESON & FELL are doing their business as easy, as far as price is concerned, as if they were sitting in an old arm chair. We have established a confidence, and that confidence is extending every day, and as a natural result, our business is increasing in proportions. We have proved to the public that we buy our goods cheap. Always on the alert to pick up cheap lots, watching the city market closely, with coin in hand, with experienced buyers abroad, and a credit unlimited, we cannot fail to succeed. The public cannot forget that GLEESON & FELL alone broke down the high prices of goods, and we believe that GLEESON & FELL are the only firm in the city that conducts its business on the One Price System.

Our Great Sale will continue until the first of March. See us at once. It would be absurd to particularize any class of goods. All the Departments are reduced to the lowest possible fraction.

By order

GLEESON & FELL,

PEOPLE'S PALACE,

THE GREAT

Commission House

OF THE

STATE!

Nos. 911 and 913 Market street,

BETWEEN FIFTH AND SIXTH.

fe14tf

SEWING MACHINES.

A FAMILY ARTICLE.

Agents make **$12 50** per day, **$75** per week

AN ENTIRELY NEW

SEWING MACHINE,

FOR DOMESTIC USE,

ONLY FIVE DOLLARS!

With the New Patent

Button Hole Worker,

Patented June 27, 1871.

AWARDED THE FIRST PREMIUM AT THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE AND MARYLAND INSTITUTE FAIRS, 1871.

A most wonderful and elegantly constructed SEWING MACHINE for *Family Work*. Complete in all its parts. Uses the Straight *Eye Pointed Needle*, SELF-THREADING, direct upright, POSITIVE MOTION, New Tension, Self Feed and Cloth Guider. Operates BY WHEEL and on a TABLE. *Light Running*. Smooth and noiseless, like all other good high-priced machines. Has *Patent Check* to prevent the wheel being turned the wrong way. Uses the thread direct from the spool. Makes the ELASTIC LOCK STITCH, (finest and strongest stitch known;) firm, durable, close and rapid. Will do all kinds of work, *fine* and *coarse*, from CAMBRIC to heavy Cloth or LEATHER, and uses all descriptions of thread. This Machine is HEAVILY CONSTRUCTED to give it STRENGTH; all the parts of each Machine being *made alike by machinery*, and beautifully finished and ornamented. It is very easy to learn. *Rapid*, *Smooth* and *Silent* in operation. Reliable at all times, and a PRACTICAL, SCIENTIFIC, MECHANICAL INVENTION, at *Greatly Reduced Price*.

A Good, Cheap, Family Sewing Machine at last. The first and only success in producing a valuable, substantial and reliable low-priced Sewing Machine. Its extreme low price reaches all conditions. Its simplicity and strength adapts it to all capacities, while its many merits make it a universal favorite wherever used, and creates a rapid demand.

IT IS ALL IT IS RECOMMENDED.

I can cheerfully and confidently recommend its use to those who are wanting a really good Sewing Machine, at a low price. MRS. H. B. JAMESON,
Peotone, Will County, Ill.

Price of each Machine, "Class A." "One," (warranted for five years by special certificate,) with *all the fixtures*, and *everything complete* belonging to it, including SELF THREADING NEEDLE, packed in a strong wooden box, and delivered to *any part* of the country, by express, FREE of further charges, on receipt of price, ONLY FIVE DOLLARS. Safe delivery guaranteed. With each Machine we will send, on receipt of $1 *extra*, the new patent

BUTTON HOLE WORKER,

One of the most important and useful inventions of the age. So simple and certain, that a child can work the finest button hole with regularity and ease. Strong and beautiful.

SPECIAL TERMS, and *Extra* Inducements to MALE and FEMALE *Agents*, Storekeepers, &c., who will establish agencies through the country and keep our NEW MACHINES on *Exhibition* and *Sale*. COUNTY RIGHTS given to smart agents FREE. Agents' *complete outfit* furnished without any EXTRA CHARGE. Samples of *sewing*, descriptive circulars containing *Terms*, Testimonials, Engravings, &c., &c., SENT FREE. We also supply

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS,

Latest Patents and Improvements for the Farm and Garden. Mowers, Reapers, Cultivators, Feed Cutters, Harrows, Farm Mills, Planters, Harvesters, Threshers and all articles needed for Farm work. Rare seeds in large variety. All Money sent in Post Office Money Orders, Bank Drafts, or by Express, will be at our risk, and are perfectly secure. Safe delivery of all our goods guaranteed.

"An old and responsible firm that sell the best goods at the lowest price, and can be relied upon by our readers."—*Farmers' Journal, New York.*

ADDRESS ORDERS

BUCKLAND SEWING MACHINE,

COR. GREENWICH & CORTLANDT STREETS, N. Y

sep20-6m

CIGARS AND TOBACCO.

---AT THE---

American Exchange Cigar Stand

You can always find a good assortment of the best brands of Imported Havana Cigars, Plug Tobacco etc. [dec27-tf.]

-----AT THE-----

Brooklyn Hotel Cigar Stand

You can find a good assortment of Havana Cigars, and a full supply of Chewing and Smoking Tobacco, etc [no29-tf]

S. A. GORDON. M. BURKE.

Market street Cigar Store, CORDON & BURKE,

MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN

HAVANA CIGARS AND TOBACCO,

843 MARKET STREET,

Opposite Fourth street.....SAN FRANCISCO

f14tf

A. GREENEBAUM,

(Successor to HERMAN HEUCK,)

No. 239 KEARNY ST., Cor. of Bush,

SAN FRANCISCO.

MANUFACTURERS, IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN

Havana and Domestic Cigars,

Smoking and Chewing Tobaccoes, Snuffs, Matches, Pipes, etc. Direct Importers from Manufacturers. Lorrillard's Coarse Rappee, Maccoboy, Scotch and Lundyfoot Snuffs. Gail and Ax's and F. A. Goetz's German and American Smoking Tobaccoes, my 31-3m

B. C. DUFFY,

CIGAR Manufacturer.

No. 950 Market Street,

Corner of Powell,

SAN FRANCISCO.

We employ none but white help.

fe1-tf

MISCELLANEOUS.

BELMONT PARK

NOW OPEN AGAIN FOR THE PIC-NIC SEASON Military Companies and Societies wishing to make arrangements for pic-nics, will do well to visit these grounds before going anywhere else, as they are this season able to get railroad accommodations again. For further particulars inquire of WM. JANKE, every day, between 2 and 3 o'clock, at Smith's cigar store, corner Washington and Kearny sts. fe21tf

South End Oyster House.

FOR the Freshest, Juiciest and Fattest Transplante or California Oysters, or a good Welsh Rarebit or Crab Stew, go to

MANNING'S OYSTER HOUSE,

672 Howard St., near Third (late of the Blue Wing Saloon.) sep13-tf

THE SWEET LITTLE SHAMROCK.

There's a dear little plant that grows in our isle,
'Twas St. Patrick himself, sure, that set it,
And the sun on his labor with pleasure did smile,
And with dews from his eyes oft did wet it.
It thrives through the bog, through the brake, through the mireland,
And he called it the dear little shamrock of Ireland.

CHORUS.

The sweet little shamrock, the dear little shamrock,
The sweet little, green little shamrock of Ireland.

This dear little plant still grows in our isle,
Fresh and fair as the daughters of Erin,
Whose smiles can bewitch, whose voice can command
In Each climate that each shall appear in,
And shine through the bog, through the brake, through the mireland,
Just like their own dear little shamrock of Ireland.

CHORUS.

The sweet little shamrock, the dear little shamrock,
The sweet little, green little shamrock of Ireland.

The dear little plant that springs from our soil,
When its three little leaves are extended,
Denotes from one stalk we together should toil,
And ourselves by ourselves be befriended.
And still through the bog, through the brake, through the mireland,
From one root should branch the shamrock of Ireland.

CHORUS.

The sweet little shamrock, the dear little shamrock,
The sweet little, green little shamrock of Ireland.

John Mitchel, M. P.

The gratitude of a nation is the guarantee of its hope. To remember the past is to command the future, if with memory there be judgment, and with judgment, resolution. When States begin to decay, the herald of their downfall is ingratitude. Careless of the past, they are reckless of the future, and bound their thoughts merely by the vicious circle of the present horizon. They bear not in mind the services of those who have faithfully labored for them; they foresee not the time when such true service may again be required to defend themselves and save their country. They grow tired of obligations of which they were unworthy. To hear a citizen always called "the just," always called "honest," wearies them intolerably. Aristides is expelled from Greece: Cato is unheeded in Rome. Then Greece sinks, subjugated by the foreigner, and Rome falls, shrunken in the chains of native despots. In the days of their freedom, the one had encountered millions of Xerxes and built the mausoleum of slain tyranny with the bones of its defenders. The other nad seen a single citizen defend its bridge against a barbarian horde, and the valor of its people preside over the surrounding nations. The names of Leonidas and of Horatius Cocles becan.e famous, they were celebrated in song and story; their reputation was judged to be the greatest glory which their countries could inherit. Whilst these names remained graven on the hearts, the spirits of the heroes moulded the character of their countrymen. Whilst gratitude existed, great deeds were done. The great models of classic courage inspired the souls of those who gazed upon them, and found them in a measure like unto their own. The time, however, came when the deep impression became less, when the memory became faded and the great names were worn well nigh away. The heart bore the inscription no longer, though the words sometimes passed from the tongue upon the outer air, winged and wanton as a bird that flies, without a nest, returning not again. Then also died out the inspiration of great deeds. Then came the shiftiness of slavery and the trickeries of those who traded upon a people which no longer merited a better fate. "Populus vult decipi, decipiatur": "The people desires to be deluded, let it be deluded." This was the word of knaves—but it was authorized by the conduct of slaves. The nation which loses its earnestness, which forgets its past, treats with ingratitude the services of faithful men, and without respect those who have truly labored for it—such a nation receives only what it merits, when others come who look on it with contempt, turn its energies to their purposes, make it labor for them, neglect it in the hour of trial, and betray it in the day of danger. Herein lies the mighty moral of the choice which two constituencies made of an exile to be their candidate. It teaches that the Irish nation is a grateful nation—and, therefore, that it is worthy to be worthily served. No more important lesson could be given in this day than this. None more calculated to inspire Irishmen to labor for their countrymen in the certain confidence that they work for those who can recognize good service, and who deserve it. For, if we can imagine nothing more disheartening than the sense of being deserted and forgotten by those for whose advantage the best energies of a man's life were given and its prime sacrificed—so we can imagine nothing more inspiriting than the faith which enables us to know beyond a doubt that all the efforts we make are made for those who note every one of them, with the throbbing hearts of true and grateful manhood. Such is the deep significance of the selection of John Mitchel as a candidate by two constituencies, and that is a significance which ought to inspire the faithful workers for Ireland with renewed zeal. They are taught that the Irish people are not only warm-hearted, but clear-sighted—careful to remember those who have served them, ready also to distinguish the sincere worker from the selfish flatterer, and sure to scorn the latter, and to honor the former. It is, in one word, the triumph of sincerity, fidelity and honor, over shiftiness, slavishness and knavishness. Whoever believes that his principles belong to the first category will be influenced by it—whoever feels that his qualities belong to the second will be, undoubtedly, disheartened. Against the mere ambition of being a member of the British Parliament, this selection of John Mitchel by two constituencies sets up a strong and indisputable protest. He was chosen, not in order to be a member of an alien Parliament, but in order to be a representative of Irishmen. There was, and there is, much need for such a protest. If there had been any doubt, the recent elections would have removed it. The country has been covered with election addresses, has seen an eager crowd of candidates, and has heard a torrent of words. What was the meaning of a great number of them—even of too many of those which professed to emanate from advocates of self-government? Might it not be summed up in the words:—"Send us away from Ireland to the English Parliament. There we will do this, that, or anything you wish. We wish to get there honestly if we can, but, at all events, we wish to get there." Does this not truly represent the spirit of many who make this ugly rush to the doors of the English Parliament? Against such a tendency as this, the selection of John Mitchel by two Irish constituencies serves as a signal protest. The deep Irish chord is struck, and its echo will startle those who fancied the nation lulled to sleep by the charm of sweet and soothing words. It had heard them before, fallen a victim to them before, but now it has kept on its guard. In other times, it saw similar crowds of breathless candidates, now Repealers, anon Independent Oppositionists and Tenant Righters. Their words were honeyed and full of promise. They were patriots at ease. Every man who subscribed to the fund of the Central Committee was a patriot—a patriot Repealer, patriot-Independent Oppositionist, or patriot-Tenant Righter. No other warrant was necessary to enable him to make a descent upon an Irish constituency, no matter where he came from, whether from Ireland or England. Charmed by his munificence, the Central Committee willingly endorsed his candidature. The country has not forgotten the results: disaster after disaster has taught it the the bitter learning of experience that goes deeper and lasts longer than any lesson given to man. Therefore, have two important Irish constituencies desired, by a signal and striking choice, to indicate that they placed fidelity to Ireland before all professions, and the cause of the Irish nation before all ambitions. Here they set up a touchstone to test whether the metal of members be refined gold or base brass. They do not bind themselves to every opinion of the man whom they selected, but they bind themselves to this—to venerate honor and truth in suffering or in triumph—and that alone. Their effort has been to prove that faithful love of Ireland is not a crime in their eyes—that it is a virtue in the minds of Irishmen, and that if the tribunals of England declared it an offence, the greater tribunal of the Irish nation as Meagher prophesied, has REVERSED THAT DECISION.—[Dublin Irishman.

Praying to Beelzebub.

WHAT CARLYLE KNOWS ABOUT ENGLISH PEOPLE.

That grim old Scotchman, Carlyle, (commonly called a distinguished *English* author) thus writes of English industry now-a-days:—"The look of England is to me at this moment abundantly ominous; the question of capital and labor growing ever more anarchic, insoluble altogether by the notions hitherto applied to it, pretty certain to issue in petroleum one day, unless some other gospel than that of the 'dismal sciences' come to illuminate it. Two things are pretty sure to me. The first is, that capital and labor never can or will agree together till they both first of all decide on doing their work faithfully throughout and like men of conscience and honor, whose highest aim is to behave like faithful citizens of this universe, and obey the eternal commandment of Almighty God, who made them. The second thing is that a sadder object then even that of the late 'coal strike,' or any conceivable strike, is the fact that, loosely speaking, we may say all England has decided that the profitablest way is to do its work ill, slimly, swiftly and mendaciously. What a contrast between now and, say, only a hundred years ago! At that latter date, or still more conspicicuously for ages before that, all England awoke to its work with an invocation to Eternal Maker to bless them in their day's labor, and help them to do it well. Now all England, shopkeepers, workmen, all manner of competing laborers awaken as if with an unspoken but heartfelt prayer to Beelzebub:—"Oh, help us, though great Lord of Shoddy, Adulteration, and Malfeasance, to do our work with the maximum of slimness, swiftness. profit and mendacity, for the devil's sake and an Amen,"

France and America.

Ex-President Theirs is a venerable statesman who has been prominently identified with the best interests of France since he first entered public life as a journalist, more than fifty years ago. He has seen changes of dynasties and constitutions, and in a letter witten two weeks ago he sums up his experience thus; "It is my invincible conviction that the Republic is the only possible government for France." Another testimony of his, which is worth preserving, is a response made, on Feb. 26, to a delegation who presented him with a splendid album from the French residents of New York. He said:

"This gift is strong testimony of the esteem of Frenchmen residing in several American cities, whom distance preserves from the political passions prevailing here, and who represent the impartial judgment of posterity. The noble example of Washington should be a model for all of us. Those who govern France will be fortunate if unitedly they succeed in accomplishing the work God gave Washington to achieve alone. I have hopes that you will bear these words to your American compatriots."

THE caricature novels of Lever and Lover, and the "stuffed Irishman," which is the name given dy theatre managers to the Irish character of the stage, together with the slang ballads of the low London free and easies; the "Teddy my jewels, "Biddy my jows," have, all taken together, combined to leave a kind of impression on the minds of minds of many well-meaning Americans that Ireland is a land of "potteen and potatoes." This impression is strengthened by the beastliness of some scoundrelly drunken Irishmen in this country, who, worthless at home, have been spewed out on us in punishment of our sins. Fellows who are not satisfied to gorge themselves and go asleep like other hogs, in their own styes, but who seem to take a pride in exposing thier brutalized countenances along the thoroughfares. Ireland, herself, is *not* a land of potteen and potatoes. England and Scotland expend more than twice as much per head for intoxication drinks, as any man can see by the excise returns of those countries. There are 21,000,000 of stature acres in Ireland, of which only about 5,500,000 is under crop (10,000,000 being in pasture), under meadow, clover, and corn crops there are about 4,000,000 acres leaving but 1,500,000 under flax, potatoes, gardens, city lots, &c. The potato crop is now one of the least important to the Irish farmers.

ON Monday evening last a man was found dead on the farm of Mr. Oliver, about two miles west of Santa Barbara. He had been dead several days. He is supposed to be Charles P. Jones, from Buffalo, N. Y.

Sectional Versus National Voting.

(From the Dublin *Irishman.*)

There is no political truth more self-evident than this: the electors of a country should vote as citizens, with a deep interest for the welfare of their native land, and a proud sensitiveness as regards all which may effect its reputation and honor.

countries, its very life as a living land. If its

Upon this principle depends the stability of a nation, its self-respect, the good opinion of other own citizens do not respect it, the citizens of other countries will not: If its own sons set sectional and selfish objects above the preservation of its national renown, then its fame will become infamy, and itself and its inhabitants be cast in the blasted simoon of a world's contempt.

There is, therefore, a way to honor, and there is a way to dishonor. Pursuing the former, small tribes rose to be great nations; following the latter, great nations fell and broke asunder into a thousand dusty fragments. To identify the honor of the country with one's own honor, is to multiply and magnify it by as many worthy citizens as it has.

To have the Conscience of Country is to be ready to do for your country what you would do for yourself—and more. Whenever a generation of men possess this in a high degree it performs deeds long memorable; after ages look back upon its exploits with pride, and even amongst a degenerate posterity there will be found men to regret the brave days of old,

When none were for a Party,
But all were for the State.

If we say that this admirable spirit, which breathes into nations the breath of national life, does exist in Ireland, none will venture to contradict us. Too many occasions have been given as tests for it not to have placed, on the record of history, irrefagable proofs of its sacred vitality.

But because it has existed, and is venerable; because it does exist, and is admirable; because it should exist, a vital to the very existence of Ireland as a nation; we must guard it with anxious care and protect it against all who would lay the unhallowed hand of sectional selfism upon the glorious shrine, the deposit of our father's honor, of our own, and of our country's reputation.

Perhaps some may object that any sectionism which does exist is small, temporary, and of scanty importance. But we believe that if the canker be not cut out when it appears, it will corrupt its way and infest other parts.

When the clergy of Limerick, ill-advised, assembled together and pronounced for a candidate, with the name of whose family the word extermination had been associated, we protested against this, as furnishing a deplorable example and precedent. Electors, we said, should vote separately as citizens, each having his proper responsibility. To vote, or appear to vote by orders, or classes, is a thing to be lamented and avoided. Why? Because, then, each order, class, or caste is all too likely to fix its attention upon its own supposed nearest interests, and so doing, to overlook general principles and the great interests of the national welfare.

If in the case of Limerick we pleaded earnestly for these important truths, it was not because we thought there existed any designor or purposed plan to subordinate the national cause to inferior considerations, but because the influence of a good and virtuous body of men, unused to politics, may be injurious to themselves and their country in proportion to their innocence of the wiles of politicians. Their nominee had made promises, at least, and they trusted them; though the people did not, and were right.

We confess, however,, that we cannot find such extenuating circumstances when we turn our attention to Cork, and examine a case of sectional voting which has ocurred there, and been even paraded with pride by those who affect to speak on behalf of the class in whose name it was perpetrated.

In business affairs, there is no more respectable class than the Irish Licensed Victuallers. They have been subjected to such fervid assaults by those who object to alcoholic drinks that their black sheep would have been made notorious, had their class been noted for owning them. The have passed fairly through many trials, and proved themselves superior to their fellows in neighboring lands, so far as personal and class character are concerned. We thought that they were also Irishmen and loved the name and fame of Ireland.

We will confess that we have erred in this estimate, if we must judge of the body from the conduct of the representatives of the Cork section during the recent election. If these spokesmen were not represented, if there really exist a true feeling of Irish patriotism in the class—and we cannot easily give up the belief—then its members were bound to disavow conduct which subordinates the national cause to the interests of a section. For if one section or class can do this, then every class has a right to do it--and if every class, or order, looks to itself and not to the national welfare, then the country is corrupt, and Ireland is dead.

What has been done in Cork, this thing upon which the alleged representatives of a class of Irishmen pride themselves?

Before the election there was called a meeting of the Section, and it was resolved to support a Member of Parliament who had fostered and flattered the Section, and coerced and defamed the Nation. During the election, the Section aided and urged his candidature, as against a man who had done nothing, indeed, for the Section, but who had devoted all the talents of a brilliant mind, all the resources of a Roman soul, all the energies of a Spartan life, to the defence and honor of the Irish Nation. After the election was over, the Section publicly rejoiced when it was found that their candidate was chosen—chosen although he had not denied he was a coercionist—chosen although he had foully calumniated the Press of Ireland in charging that Algerine laws were needed to restrain it from advocating assassination—chosen although he had helped to pull down the last liberties of Ireland!

Well for him that he was not a patriot, eating the bitter bread of exile, laboring all the years of his life to smite down those who smote his country, ready at all hazards to place the triple shield of his love, his fortune, and his life, between the blow of tyranny and the Irish Nation!

Well for him that he helped to gag its independent voice, to load its hands with fetters, to make a policeman master in every Irish house, to consign his countrymen to jail, without trial by jury, on the declaration of a detective, or the suspicion of a spy!

Well for him that he has flattered a section, and slandered a nation!

He is again member for Cork, and his competitor is in exile.

THE illness of Bismarck is pronounced precarious.

Business Directory.

☞ We have compiled the following Business Directory from the advertisements in this paper; it will be found a convenient reference for intending purchasers, both in city and country, in almost every branch of goods. As none but the most respectable house advertise in the NATIONALIST, each customer may rest assured o corteous treatment and good value:

AMUSEMENTS.
California Theatre, Bush street, above Kearny.
Palace Amphitheatre, corner New Montgomery and Mission streets.
Belmont Park, William Janke.

BOOTS AND SHOES.
M F Walsh, 905½ Market street, corner Fifth.
Thos Healy, 677 Mission street, near Third.
Hugh O'Connor, importer Philadelphia boot-legs, 504 Market street.
Nolan Bros, 11 Third street.
Stephen Thomas, 142 Fourth street.
William O'Connell, 818 Howard street (Irish-American Hall).
John Leddy, 120 Fourth, corner Minna street.

BOOKS AND STATIONERY.
John W McClure, 382 Bowery, New York city.
John G. Hodge & Co., 327, 329 and 331 Sansome st.

BANKING.
Hibernia Savings and Loan Society, N E corner Montgomery and Market streets.

BRASS AND STEAM FITTERS.
Weed & Kingwell, California Brass Works, 125 First street.
Dixon Bros, Steam and Gas Fitters, 406 Montgomery street.

CUTLERY.
M Price, store 415 Kearny street; factory, 10 Stevenson street.

CIGARS AND TOBACCO.
A Greenbaum, 239 Kearny street, corner Bush.
B C Duffy, 950 Market street, corner Powell.
American Ex hange cigar stand, Sansome street.
Brooklyn Hotel cigar stand, Bush street.
Gordon & Burke, 843 Market street.

COMMISSION MERCHANTS.
D Sweeny & Co, Tenth and Howard streets.
J O'Connor, 59 Clay street, corner Drumm.
McKenna & Greany, west side Drumm, between Clay and Washington.
Moran & McBride, S W corner Commercial and Davis streets.

CONFECTIONERS,
Pellet & Fisher, 403 Davis street, between Washington and Jackson.

DRY GOODS.
Gleeson & Fell, People's Palace, 911 and 913 Market street, between Fifth and Sixth.
J J O'Brien, 606 Market street, near Montgomery.
John C Talbot & Co, 28 Kearny street.

DRUG STORES.
Dr E J Pringg, N W corner Howard and Fourth streets.

DENTISTS.
Dr S H Roberts, 142½ Fourth street, near Howard.

FLOURING MILLS, &c.
Green & Bigley, Eureka Mills, 210 Sacramento street.

GENTLEMEN'S FURNISHING GOODS.
Isaac Selig, 218 Kearny street bet Bush and Sutter.
S Caro, 40 Third street, (opposite Jessie).

GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS,
Lennon & Kelly, N E cor Fourth and Minna streets.
P Hartigan, 164 First street, cor Howard; also, N E cor Twelfth and Folsom streets.
P M Toner, No. 20 Occidental market, Sutter street side).
John J Reardon, cor Third and Everett streets, bet Mission and Howard.
P T Flynn & Son, cor Howard and Eighth streets.

HATTERS,
C. Desmond, 5 New Montgomery street.

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Donohue & Co., 8 Everett street, near 3d.

HOTELS AND RESTAURANTS.
Washington Hotel, 519 Mission street, bet First and Second.
Montgomery's Hotel, 227 and 229 Second street.
Manhattan House, 704 and 707 Front street, bet Pacific and Broadway.
South End Oyster House, 672 Howard street, near Third.
Tubbs' Hotel, Oakland, Cal.

LAW.
P Cummins, Rooms 14 and 15 Court Block, and 641 Merchant street.
M Whaling, Room 17 Downey Block, Los Angeles, Cal.

LIVERY STABLES.
R Dowling, 610 Howard street, bet Second and New Montgomery.
San Rafael Livery and Sale Stables, Fourth street, San Rafael, Marin county, Cal.

MEDICAL.
Dr Paul M Brenan, 127 Montgomery street.
Dr Aborn, 213 Geary street.
Dr J D Callaghan, 852 Folsom Street.
Mrs S Moore, Holden House, 523 Kearny street, room 38.
X Twiaba X, Dr L Terry, Elko, Nevada.

MERCHANT TAILORS.
John Kavanagh, 15 New Montgomery street, (Grand Hotel).
N Sweeney, 43 Second street, (opposite Jessie).

MILLINERS,
Mrs. Dillon & Kenealy, 30 Third street, bet Mission and Market.

MIRRORS, PICTURES, &C.
Kenny & Co, cor Fifth and Market streets.
D Drady, 243 Fourth street, bet Howard and Folsom.

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O'Donovan Rossa's Prison Life; care National Steamship Co, New York.
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POWDER.
Giant Powder Co, 210 Front street.

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John H Carmany & Co, 409 Washington street.
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Buckland Sewing Machine, cor Greenwich and Cortland streets, New York.

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James McGinn, 717 Market street.
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San Francisco Ball and Racket Court, T Kelly, 846 Howard street, bet Fourth and Fifth.
Barbier and Barrett, 903½ Market street.
P F Brady, 610 Market street, and 11 Post street.
P J McMahon, Russ House Saloon, Montgomery street.
Old Hot Scotch, 15 Morton street, near Kearny.
Donnelly & Kerr, 30 Montgomery street, (opposite Lick House).
Lyman, Rafferty, & Co, 416 Battery street, cor Merchant.
P J Tannian, 24 Third street.
John T Kelly, 840 Market street, (opposite Fourth).
Harrington & Loftis, 744 Market street.
Daly & Ward, 311 Sacramento street, bet Front and Davis.
Yate's Branch Saloon, cor Third and Market streets.
Fredericksburg Eintracht Saloon, 546 California street.
W V Gaffey, 25 Second street, (opposite Grand Hotel).
Michael Ryan, 134 Fourth street, bet Minna and Howard.
O'Brien & Lydon, 133 Third street.
J H Dougherty & Co, 515 California street.
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P T Gately, 1018 Market street, (opposite Fifth).

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Have constantly on hand fresh family Milk Cows, Horses, etc. Large and commodious stalls and corrals, and superior accommodations for all kinds of stock. fy9-tf

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fe21tf

THE IRISH NATIONALIST.

SAN FRANCISCO, MARCH 21, 1874.

"Nationality is no longer an unmeaning or despised name among us. It is welcomed by the higher ranks; it is the inspiration of the bold, and the hope of the people; it is the summary name for many things; it seeks a literature made by Irishmen and colored by our scenery, manners and characters; it desires to see Art applied to express Irish thoughts and belief; it would make our music sound in every parish at twilight, our pictures sprinkle the walls of every house, and our poetry and history sit at every hearth. It would thus create a race of men full of a more intensely Irish character and knowledge, and to that race it would give Ireland; it would give them the seas of Ireland to sweep with their nets and launch on with their navy, the harbors of Ireland to receive greater commerce than any island in the world; the soil of Ireland to live on by more millions than starve here now; the fame of Ireland t enhance by their genius and valor. The Independence Ireland to guard by laws and arms."

THOMAS DAVIS.

"Who is abject enough to despair of the Cause of Right, and Truth, and Freedom."

JOHN MITCHEL, Oct. 25th, 1853.

☞ Subscribers not receiving their paper regularly will confer a favor by informing us of the fact, so that we may ascertain the cause if possible, and apply a remedy.

[From our St. Patrick's Day Extra.]

THE DAY WE CELEBRATE.

In every part of the world, beneath the scorching sun of Africa, on the distant shores of Australia, throughout the broad continent of America, we find our countrymen. Driven from home by repression and tyranny, they seek abroad the liberty and prosperity their native land is forced to deny them, and amidst every people, and throughout every change, they preserve those national traits which seven centuries of oppression have failed to eradicate. Meet them where you will, there is the same undying love of mother country, the same unfailing faith in her future fortunes, the same unswerving and uncompromising love of liberty which makes its most cherished home in an Irish bosom In America we are not exiles. Ties of kindred and ties of adoption make us participants in the glory of the mighty Republic, and servitude is a word unknown. Yet, never do the Irish here forget the sufferings of their brothers at home; never do they forego the earliest allegiance which is due to the land of their birth. Ireland's eventual freedom is the one aspiration of their patriotic souls; its speedy accomplishment the paramount aim of their otherwise happy lives. And on this day, this 17th of March, we unite to celebrate, in concert with our kindred and countrymen in every clime, the great festival of the Irish nation, the only anniversary our bondage has left us. It is not well to keep our eyes eternally bent on our fetters. *Neque semper arcum tendit Apollo.* It is good to fling the Sunburst of Erin on the air, not in entire forgetfulness of what we have suffered, but as typical of that better anniversary which we will one day celebrate, when it will float, not merely as a national standard, but as the standard of a nation, when the glorious strains of native music sound to give a voice to the exultation of a nation's birth-day.

St. Patrick's Day! What memories do the mere words invoke! They carry back our minds from the gloomy present, back, back, into the buried past. They tell us of a freedom that was the first to shake off the degrading bondage of superstition; they have a ring of the olden time, "when all the world was young and all the grass was green"—when Ireland was free, and when never a tyrant foot of perfidious Albion had desecrated her shores. As such we celebrate it. As a memory of bygone freedom, as a relaxation from present slavery, as an incentive and foretaste of future independence. We feel, also, that it constitutes a tie among the scattered members of our race. We observe it as we observe every other distinctive trait of our marvellous nationality, (marvellous in that seven hundred years of oppression have passed it by and left it unimpaired.) and we take a just national pride in its celebration. Yet, amidst the splendors of the day, amidst the bravery of bunting and the pomp of celebration, forget not, Irishmen, that it is a memory you are honoring. Is there a sadder word than that *memory?* It comes to us weighted with a thousand griefs for the lost, a thousand regrets for an irrevocable Past, a thousand sad contrasts to cloud the Present. Yet we do not grieve as those who have no hope of consolation. Centuries of oppression have not broken the proud spirit of independence which is the birthright of every Irishman. Again and again have Erin's patriots stood forth in defence of her rights, and faced unblenching the whole panoply of purple tyranny, now on the tented field, now in the Felon's dock, forever ennobled by their presence, and at times, alas! on the scaffold. But the blood of martyred patriots can never quench the flame of patriotism. Brighter and clearer it burns for each red libation, and never have those who poured it out faltered at the offering. A stern and unmoved aspect towards the judicial murderers—a smile of encouragement and solace to their sorrowing friends—words of prophetic hope, presaging the glorious destiny which the future has in store for Ireland—these were the accompaniments of the closing scene of each of Ireland's patriots. Here we have cause enough for hope; nay, more, for confidence. These men, as they turned their back on life, and walked boldly forward "to drink the last and bitterest cup of grief that man can taste" left behind them words of comfort. Shall there not be found Irishmen to make these words good? Shall we not resolve, each St. Patrick's Day, that we will celebrate the anniversary no more under the ban of slavery, but will keep the old memory in happier circumstances, in our beloved native land? Let this be the last 17th of our bondage, England's weakness is our strength and we see the present difficulties under which England labors. Therefore the celebration of this day should evince a system of organizations amongst Irishmen in America sufficient to hurl the foreign yoke from the neek of our country. We have not much longer to wait. We have power will, occasion. Organize, therefore and be ready to assist the first movement at home. That time will be a speedy and successful one then we connot doubt. We have recently had abundant proof that our brothers at home are not forgetful of their duties. We have opportunities now such as never were afforded the patriots of bygone days when they shook the English power in Ireland to its centre. Let us hope, and hoping so act, that next St. Patrick's Day will soon be celebrated under the auspices of an Irish Republic, and on Irish soil.

CUI BONO?

St. Patrick's Day is over now, and has been as pleasant and successful as fine weather and good management could make it. Very imposing were the long orderly columns of the procession. Very gratifying to an Irish heart were the countless banners, and the inspiriting bands of national music. It is all over now, and we look round and ask ourselves "*cui bono?*" Has anything been gained by all this beautiful pageantry? are we any nearer freedom for this last exhibition of force? Oh, it was pitiful to think, as the brave procession swept by, that all those arms must remain bloodless, and that at best it was but a travestie on "the pomp and circumstances of glorious war." And when we remember that, throughout this continent, from the broad Atlantic to the golden shores of the Pacific, in every city and in every town, the sons of Erin were parading, we are tempted to exclaim--why not go and parade on your native shores, and in your unity defy the waning power of the Saxon? These celebrations of St. Patrick's Day, these processions, and speeches, this access of patriotic fervor, are very good as far as they go—why do they go no further? We do not wish to depreciate the success of the celebration; we do not wish to be considered as holding aloof from it; we only think it is not enough. If all the Irishmen in America alone who, on last Tuesday, took part in the various processions throughout the cities were properly united, and sufficiently drilled and organized, they would themselves be sufficient to sweep the Saxon into the sea, and raise for ever in Ireland the Green above the Red. Our seventeenth passed by under the most favorable auspices. Bright sunshine, and deep blue skies, and all that the vernal beauty of nature could supply to make the demonstration a success. Nor were the adjuncts of life and motion wanting to the scene. Unwonted velvet shone, unwonted feathers waved, gayly caparisoned chargers, and stalwart handsome men moved passed in a never ending train. Brightly embroidered banners rustled luxuriously on the air, strains of national music which well might lift the veriest cynic out of himself and transport him in fancy to green Ireland, floated by on every breeze, and yet the question would momentarily suggest itself—*Cui Bono?* To what purpose is all this promenading, and the obtrusive display of nationality? To what end all the gayety and festivity which is only waiting for night? Will it advance in any way the cause of Irish independence, or will it end as too many previous celebrations in this country in merely expressed hopes, and frothy ebullitions of patriotism? We hope it has produced a deeper impression, we trust that the determination is gaining ground in many an Irish mind to hold a speedy celebration on Irish soil; and that it is the power of Irish America to accomplish this no one who watches the seventeenth of March In the various cities of the Union can doubt.

There is no time now for processions. A thorough drill would better meet the exigencies of our position. To the celebration of St. Patrick's Day there can be no possible objection; but we may well ask, as we see it go on year after year without change, whither does it tend? What will be the end of it? Assuredly not the liberation of Ireland, unless some material change is introduced in the manner and place of the celebration. It is almost sinful to waste valuable time in such holiday dallying, however pleasant and inspiriting it may be, while our country is still enslaved, and when a favorable moment for attacking her oppressor may be passing away. The world has advanced now too far to be blinded by the "strong light that beats on thrones." They can afford to compare the free institutions which some countries possess with the absurd and cumbersome incubus of royalty which weighs down others. It has begun to appreciate the fact that Right has some claims which Might cannot disregard, and England's persistent ill-usage of Ireland has, in conjunction with her thousand other crimes, forfeited for her every particle of foreign sympathy. Therefore, now is the time for Irishmen, at home and abroad, to organize, and use their organizations not for the vain exhibitions of a national holiday only, but for the more glorious, as well as more practically useful task, of liberating their country. St. Patrick's Day may be, and undoubtedly is, useful in fostering and keeping alive a feeling of Nationality, but the feeling is not sufficient without an opportunity of action; and it is the duty of Irishmen, in Ireland, America, and elsewhere, to make that opportunity, and having made it, to use it. Demonstrations of patriotism and nationality have gone on long enough; it is now time to prove their reality and value.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

THE CELEBRATION.

GLORIOUS WEATHER,

AND A

Successful Procession.

The Day's Proceedings.

The 17th of March, 1874, dawned with all the prospect of a glorious day, nor, as the hours wore on did it belie its promise. The Fates were propitious to celebrants and spectators, and no incident occurred throughout to mar the harmony and pleasure of the day, and thousands of Erin's patriotic sons and daughters who took either an active or a passive part in the celebration of the national gala day were especially favored by fortune.

With accustomed attention to religious duty, the Grand Marshal and his aids, as well as a representative sprinkling from the civic bodies, attended Mass in the morning. The Mass at St. Patrick's Church we may especially mention. For the first time in San Francisco, Haydn's Fifth Mass was performed, and during the offertory a soprano solo, expressly composed for the occasion, was rendered by Miss Tourney. Rev. Father Morrissey delivered the panegyric of the Saint.

THE STREETS, AND WHAT WAS VISIBLE ON THEM.

At an early hour the aids of the various divisions, mounted on high-spirited and gaily-caparisoned chargers, and neatly attired in black, with scarfs of emerald and gold, and Kossuth hats, resplendent with plumes of green and black, galloped along the principal streets to the place of rendezvous, and elicited many encomiums from the fair sex on account of their handsome physique and military bearing. The marshals of divisions and aids on staff assembled at the junction of Market and Powell sts., from which place, after reporting, they proceeded to a convenient church and attended Mass. A brighter day never favored San Francisco. The sky rivalled in hue the etherial blue of classic Italy, and in striking contrast to the azure arch, a few fleecy, marbled clouds floated high above the western horizon. The Bay was as calm as the face of sleeping innocence, and upon its placid bosom seemed to sleep the white-winged messengers of commerce, cradled on the glassy tide. From many of the residences on the hills and in the business valleys the emerald flag waved side by side with the stars and stripes of the adopted country of Ireland's sons and daughters.

At 11 o'clock the streets through which the procession was about to pass were crowded with a dense mass of human beings—men, women and children. Many of our Irish fellow-citizens who did not parade, displayed their patriotism and love of native land by such devices as green neckties, and sprigs of shamrock. Along Fifth street, near the starting point, many of the ladies, in their eagerness to view the procession, improvised seats on the curbstone, and waited patiently for over an hour and a half. All along the route, when the procession appeared, handkerchiefs were waved, and loud huzzas rent the air. Fifth, Market, Kearny and Montgomery streets wore a very animated appearance, the crowd being so tightly packed that many spectators were forced off the sidewalk into the street. The windows were filled with smiling faces, and the fences along the route had to bear a heavy load of enterprising and ambitious young patriots. The pavements were in splendid condition, being neither muddy nor dusty, and it may be said that a finer opportunity for an out-of-door celebration never has occurred in this city.

Great credit is due to James R. Kelly, Esq., Grand Marshal of the Day, for the orderly manner in which all the details were carried out, as well as for the punctuality with which the Procession presented itself according to progrmme. A lack of punctuality is usually one of the great drawbacks to an extended Procession of any kind, and is very disappointing to spectators. The various organizations were indeed fortunate in their choice, and Mr. Kelly has most efficiently discharged the arduous duties of his office.

At 12 o'clock the scene at the junction of Howard and Fifth was somwhat exciting. The side walks were thronged with well-dressed spectators; the windows and balconies had a full compliment of on-lookers, more favorably situated for observation than those on foot; the centre of the Streets were taken up by the prancing chargers of the chiefs in the procession, who were hurrying to and fro, giving orders and placing their command in readiness for the bugle sound "Forward!" At a quarter past 12 o'clock the signal was given, and the six mounted policemen who were in the van began to advance and to clear all struggling intruders from the line of route. After this platoon came a drum corps and fife band of fifteen, a grenadier looking drum-major beng in front. Next came an avante garde, and the French Zouves under the command of Col. Buffandeau. Conspicuous among the Zouaves, who numbered twenty-five, was a prettily dressed vivandiere. Preceded by the buglers, Grand Marshal Kelly was the next in line. His regalia was a green and gold scarf, black hat, and green, white and yellow plume. Col. M. C. Smith, and Col. P. Walsh, his aids, had as their regalia, green and gold scarf, yellow rosette, and black hat, with green and white plume. The Chief of Staff, Hon. T. N. Wand, rode next. His regalia was green and gold scarf, black hat, red white and blue plume. Capt. R. Blaney and Capt. J. Flanagan were his Aids. They were attired in the same description of scarf, with black hat and green and black plume.

First Division.

In regular succession and with scarcely a departure from the programme, the various divisions fell into marching order, and with flags waving gaudily and bands playing with enlivening effect, the procession kept onward with steady pace. To pass any one point, it took precisely three-quarters of an hour, and the turnout, it was generally admitted, surpassed what has been achieved on former occasions.

The Frst Division was composed exclusively of the Third Regiment and military companies. Colonel A. Wason was in command of the Division, and had also command of his regiment. The Jackson Dragoons were the first body of men in this Division—a detachment of 60 stalwart-looking soldiers, and tolerably well mounted. Major P. R. O'Brien and staff rode in front, and the Dragoons were in command of Captain M. Greaney. The officers of the Third Division who paraded, in addition to Colonel Wason, were Lieutenant-Colonel M. C. Bateman, Major J. J. Conlon. Adjutant P. J. Tannian, Quartermaster E. W. Caney, Paymaster J. D. Cusheon, Commissary James Barrett, Surgeon Thomas Green, Chaplain Father Larkin. Non-Commissioned Staff—Sergeant-Major Corneilus Donohue, Quartermaster-Sergeant E. P. Enright, color-bearers, Sergeants Burns and Gallagher. After the cavalry came the San Francisco Cadets—Captain C. E. S. McDonald—about 40 strong. The Montgomery Guard—Captain Charles Quinn—followed, and their martial appearance was a subject of constant remark. They mustered 60 strong. The Wolfe Tone Guard numbered 40 men, and was commanded by Captain John Leddy. The Meagher Guard made a good turn out in their new State regulation. This company was in command of Captain John Eagan. The other companies were: The Layfayette Guard, Captain Perier; the MacMahon Guard, Captain J. H. McMenomy, about 70 strong; the Shields Guard, Captain M. Flanagan, 40 strong, and, like the Meagher Guard, looking exceedingly neat in their new uniform; and the Emmet Guard, Captain Robert Cleary commanding, and mustering about 60 members. With the military parade there was every reason to feel proud, the companies marching in good time, and the uniforms looking trim on the whole, though some were rather the worse for wear. Two bands accompanied the Division, One of these is already mentioned; the other preceded the San Francisco Cadets.

Second Division.

This division was in command of Robert Sullivan, whose aids were Thomas H. J. Griffin and J. F. Sullivan. Barouches followed the Marshal and his aids, containing the officers of the day—M. C. Hassett, President: R. M. Clarken, Orator; Robert Tobin, Poet: John H. Gilmore, Secretary; M. Kane, Vice-President, and James O'Hanlon, Treasurer. Also carriages with clergy and invited guests, the vehicles being twenty in number.

Third Division.

This was composed of the Sons of the Emerald Isle Benevolent Association, whose muster numbered one hundred and fifty. Judge M. Cooney was Marshal, and his aids were Martin Tehany and David Buckley. The President, Nicholas Ennis, and Secretary, James O'Brien, were also mounted. A band led the Division, and flags and the Association banner were very attractive. The members wore rosettes and badges, and were evidently a superior class of men.

Fourth Division.

The members of the St. Joseph's Benevolent Society, accompanied by its cognate society of Oakland, composed this Division. The turnout was exceedingly creditable, and with the usual American and Irish banners and the society flags displayed, the Division compared with the others. Willis' Band was at time for it. The Marshal was Major P. W. Black, and Jerry T. O'Brien and P. B. Kennedy were his aids. The President, J. R. Kelly, and the Secretary, Thomas J. Welsh, were also present.

Fifth Division.

The Fifth Division was escorted by the Hibernia Rifles, under the leadership of Captain T. Desmond, and John H. Dougherty, Marshal. The Rifles presented a fine appearance, and turned out 40 strong. Their handsome uniform of green coats and red pantaloons was the subject of much remark. The Irish-American Benevolent Association formed the bulk of the division, and numbered 170 members.—a very creditable showing for the "bone and sinew" of our city. The members of this organization wore green rosettes, and impressed every one favorably with their orderly appearance. Wm. O'Connell is the President of the Association, and James O'Donnell, Secretary. The chief aids to the Marshal were John Grant and Charles McVicker. The

Sixth Division

was preceded by Walcot's band, which discoursed "most eloquent music." The Laborers' Protective and Benevolent Association kept time to the music, 120 strong. Matthew Nunan, Marshal, and Dennis Daly and Michael Heffernan, aids, mounted on gallant chargers, controlled the destiny of this division. Matthew Kearns, the President, headed the Association. Next came John Alpers' Band, and a barouche containing officers of the St. Mary's Temperance and Benevolent Association, numbering 75 members. The banner of this Society, bearing a gold embroidered cross, with the legend, "In Hoc Signo Vinces, (in this sign shalt thou conquer), was the subject of much admiration as an artistic piece of work. The officers of the Society are as follows: President, Peter Rafferty; Chaplain, Rev. Father Slattery; Secretary Thomas Finn, and Marshal, P. McFadden.

Seventh Division.

Next came the religious benevolent association of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, preceded by that crack company of musicians, led by Charles B. Flanagan.

The Grand Officers of the Order came in the following order: John F. Meagher, General President; John T. Barry, General Vice-President; Thomas Dready, General Secretary; Peter J. Carr, General Assistant-Secretary; John Cooney, General Treasurer. Then followed Division No. 1, of San Francisco, numbering 328 members, a very strong organization. M. Warde (State delegate), Marshal; J. J. Donovan State Secretary; M. J. Wrin (county delegate), B. Keegan, Michael Donahue, Thomas Mullvehey and John O'Cane, aids. President, James Barrett; Vice-President, Jeremiah Dwyer; Recording Secretary, John B. Harrington; Financial Secretary, Martin Kelly, and Treasurer, Charles Dillon.

DIVISION NO. 1, OF NAPA,

A fine body of men, followed, numbering 56. P. Lynch and J. S. Hogan, aids; P. Lynch, C. D.; Daniel McCarthy, President; T. McCullen, Vice-President; J. S. Hogan, Recording Secretary, and P. McDonough, Treasurer. This division was preceded by the Napa Band, and presented a fine appearance. Next came

DIVISION NO. 1, OF VALLEJO,

Numbering 200 members, and the Vallejo Band. The officers of this Association are E. McGettigan, P. Lane, M. Roantree, aids; D. Bresnahan, D. D.; J. F. McAuliffe, President; P. McCue, Vice-President; James A. Kane, Recording Secretary; J. E. Kennedy, Financial Secretary; James Moran, Treasurer.

DIVISION NO I. OF SAN RAFAEL,

Turned out 50 strong. Officers—Timothy Daly Aid. Timothy Day, C. D.; P. Prunty, President; Michael Hennessy, Vice President; M. O'Brien, Financial Secretary, John Graham, Treasurer.

Then followed Division Nos. 1 & 2 of Oakland, numbering 130, with the following officers; Division No. 1—S. D. Cronin, L. Young J. Kelly, Aids; S. D. Cronin, S. D.,; T. Dooley, President, Denis Holland, Vice President, J. O'Brien, Recording Secretary, A. McGarry, Financial Secretary, James McIlroy, Treasurer.

Division No 2.—Thomas O'Neil, President, James Keyes, Vice President, Thomas Sullivan, Financial Secretary, M. McCabe, Recording Secretary, P. McQuade, Treasurer.

This completed the Seventh Divsion, after which came the

Eighth Division.

Division No. 2, of San Francisco, with 300 in the ranks, preceded by the band and the officers as follows: Daniel Sheerin, James Colins James Wall, Florence O'Neil, Aids; William Simpson, President, John R. Oliver, Vice President, B. McDermott, Recording Secretary, James Reade Financial Sec., Michael McMenomy Treasurer.

Division No. 3, of San Francisco, 170 strong with the following aids and officers; Maurice Tracy, E. Daly, B. O'Brien, William Rielly, Aids; H. Gallagher, President, D. Ryan, Vice President, John Gallagher Recording Secretary, Edward Hertick, Financial Secretary, Charles Farley, Treasurer.

Division No. 4, of San Francisco, 200 members and the following officers; D C Sullivan, M. Connelly, William Deaney, S. Grant, Aids, James Butler, President, J. Gilmore Vice President, T. D. Sullivan, Recording Sec., Thad Flanagan, Financial Secretary, Thomas Lenrick, Treasurer.

Division No. 5, of San Francisco, numbering 175, and officers as follows: Edward Sweeney and Frank McAlleer, Aids; P. R. Hanna, President, B. Reardon, Vice President, John McGrath, Recording Secretary, Patrick Harrington Financial Secretary, John Kenny, Treasurer.

Division No. 6, of San Francisco, made a showing of 100 members. Officers R. Collins, P. F. Brady, Thomas Donnelly, Aids; M C Hassett, President, J. Desmond, Vice President J F Meagher, Recording Secretary, E R Birmingham, Financial Secretary, Thomas Donnelly, Treasurer.

Division No. 7, San Francisco, eighty members, Desmond's Band. Officers, M. G. Sears, Aid, William Higgins, President, J W Murphy, Vice President, B C Mooney, Recording Sec., Joseph Kelly, Financial Secretary, James Calaghan, Treasurer. Band.

Division No. 8, San Francisco. Preceded by the Philharmonicue Band. Sixty men in the ranks. James Logue, J W Maher, Aids; William Gilleran, President, John Hogan, Vice President, Thomas Flynn, Recording Sec. Hugh McClosky, Financial Secretary, Thomas Lougheran, Trearurer.

Ninth Division.

THE AMERICAN CELTS.

The American Celts presented a fine appearance. This is an organization only a few weeks old, of young men of Irish decent who have never paraded on St. Patrick's Day. They attracted much attention by their soldierly bearing and their precision in marching. The uniform consisted of black suits and Alpine hats, and red, white and blue rosettes. They mustered in strong force—250 members—and were considered as one of the chief features of the celebration. Supervisor J. J. Kenney acted as Marshal of this Division, and was mounted upon a warlike charger. John J. Cunningham, the Secretary, bloomed on horseback as aid. The Celts were escorted by the Sarsfield Guard, numbering 35 members. The notable bearskin hats, which once made this company famous, if not terrific, were replaced by a natty fatigue cap. Captain, M. J. Acton; First Lieutenant, S. C. Walsh; Second Lieutenant, B. A. Farrell; First Sergeant, Wm. Dolan. The Irish Volunteers followed, in the new regulation State uniform, and presented a soldierly appearance. Captain Lynch handled this company in a creditable manner. The car of Erin, with a young lady robed in green and carrying a white wand, was the subject of favorable comment, and was the observed of all observers. The car was draped in red, white and blue colors, and was drawn by four horses. J. A. Lennon acted as Marshal of this Division, and J. P. Lysett and Thomas Finn acted as aids. The

Tenth Division

Consisted of carriages, containing the clergy and private families. Captain John Flannagan and family appeared in a neat turn-out. His two little girls, dressed in green velvet with white plumes in their hats, were much admired.

Along the Route.

The column moved up Fifth street to Howard, to Third, to Market, to Montgomery, to Jackson, to Kearny, to Market, to Ninth. During the countermarch from Ninth on Market street to Bush, the street was almost impassable. The Irish and American flags were displayed from St. Ignatius College, and the steps and windows of that institution were occupied by lady spectators. The procession was reviewed on Kearny street by the Grand Marshal and staff, after which the parade was dismissed.

THE EXERCISES.

As soon as the doors of the California Theatre were opened there was a rush for places, and the auditorium was filled long before the commencement of the exercises. Hundreds were unable to obtain admittance, and even those who held tickets for reserved seats found it almost impossible to turn them to account. When the doors had been closed, the street was lined with men, women and children, all trying to force an entrance.

On the platform were seated the Grand Marshal and his aids, M. C. Hassett, President; R. M. Clarken, Orator; John H. Gilmore, Secretary; M. Kane, Vice President; James O. Hanlon, Treasurer; Brother Justin, Brother Canon; Fathers Croke, Harrington, Gibney, Derham, Powers, Gleason, Slattery, Largon, Srpeckles, Pendergast, King, Gallagher, Larkin, Scanlon, O'Neil, Dempsey, Coyle, Hon. John G. Downey, Chilean Consul, District Attorney Ryan, Coroner Rice, and a number of prominent lay citizens. At about half past two o'clock Mr. M. C. Hassett, the President of the Day, advanced to the front of the stage, and a sea of bright and happy faces met his gaze. After the applause had subsided, Mr. Hassett, in a clear voice, delivered an introductory address:

After the outburst of cheering with which he was received, the President spoke as follows:

President's Address.

Ladies and Gentlemen:—We have assembled together once more to celebrate the day upon which St. Patrick, after having converted the Irish nation to Christianity, was called away

from the scenes of his earthly labors to receive his blessed reward in Heaven. Although this event happened about one thousand three hundred and eighty years ago its memory is still green in the Irish heart, and on the return of each succeeding year is celebrated with as much zeal as if it occurred but yesterday. Here let me ask the question we hear so often repeated: "Why do the Irish in America, year after year, celebrate this day with such display and pomp? What meaning has it here? What good purpose can it subserve? Why not forget it?" My first answer is that the God worshipped by the Irishman in Europe is the same God in America; and as his religion is never made a seconday consideration, to be used for sordid purposes, but is the first, highest and last earthly thought and consideration, and being true to the highest instincts of his race, the Irishman can no more forget or neglect to pay his lasting tribute of respect to the Apostle who imparted this sublime religion and faith to his forefathers, than he can forget or forsake that faith itself—and that is not in his nature to do, even if he would. For it this people have suffered three hundred years of persecution and torture, the barbarity of which is unknown to the history of any nation or country save England. Cruel statutes were enacted for the enslavement of the Irishman, by this so-called enlightened England, the very reading of which chills the blood and makes the heart grow sick with horror. Laws were passed which degraded your countrymen by prohibiting them from learning to read and write, and punished as felons the poor schoolmaster who had the courage, by stealth, to instruct them; laws which banished the minister of God from his native land, and, under which, he was driven from the habitations of man, hunted down like the wild beast of the forest, and compelled to take refuge with the fox on the unfrequented mountains and in the caves of the earth, from whence he dared not come forth upon peril of his life, except in disguise, or under cover of night, to minister to the spiritual wants of a people who loved and honored him. Statutes were enforced which perverted the laws of Nature, by offering a bounty to the recreant and unnatural wife or child who should rise up in rebellion against, and abjure the faith of the husband or father, by confiscating to such wife or child, the husband's or father's property. "Laws," says an English statesman, "which the Irishman offended against whether standing, sitting, breathing, or thinking." And why was he subjected to this inhuman treatment? All for conscience sake; because he dared to worship God according to the dictates of his heart, and loved his own country better than England. Now, then, I ask, can any true man in America, or elsewhere, esteem you less because your honor and manhood have outlived such persecution, and retained that faith by which your spirit of nationality was kept alive? This anniversary has another meaning for us, for by long-standing custom it has been accepted as a fitting occasion upon which Irishmen of all creeds may gather together and talk over the glorious memories of the past, when Ireland stood foremost among the nations of the earth in learning and the heroism of her soldiers; a fitting day upon which to rejoice in the memory of her great statesmen, orators and poets—her Burke, Sheridan, Grattan, Curran, Goldsmith, Moore and O'Connell—men whose eloquence in the cause of justice and liberty have given to the English tongue a grandeur of expression never known before, and which will never be surpassed! A fitting time to drop a silent tear to the momory of the lamented Wolfe Tone, Fitzgerald and Emmet, and to swear anew by their sacred names that the struggle shall never be given up until Ireland's galling chains are stricken from her feet. And here, especially, in these United States, the Celt ought never to forget this day; for, as often as you carry those glorious Stars and Stripes in front of your processions, your devotion is renewed for the old land, one of whose illustrious sons, the gallant Barry, first unfurled that banner on the seas; and with feelings of manly pride, mingled with sorrow, you recall the memory of the lamented Montgomery, the first and bravest general who fell in defence of the Republic before Quebec, amid the chilling frosts of a Canadian winter. Particularly in these times, when the spirit of faction is rampant, and political demagogues would bring about a war of races in this happy land, it behooves Irishmen to keep constantly in mind the fact that, partially through the efforts of the exiled sons of Erin, and their descendants, the colonies were wrested from England's grasp, and by them kept anti-British in spirit ever since. It is needless for me to admonish you to be true to the Constitution. Your countrymen helped to lay its foundation—the genius of your race is indelibly stamped upon every line of it, and every pulsation of the Irish heart beats in unison with that of the true American for its preservation. But you must be vigilant, for the old enemy, always concealed, "like a snake in the grass," aided here by men calling themselves Americans, but who are English at heart, is busy sowing the seeds of discord among us. She would, now that the question of slavery is forever settled, bring between the people of this country a war of races and religion. Should you be inclined to doubt this assertion, in support of it I refer you to a period just before the late civil war, when she sent over her emissaries, pretended philanthropists, to preach to us the horrors of slavery, and the whole English press howled for the freedom of the negro; and, when that terrible rebellion broke out which swept away in its mad career nearly a million of freemen—the best blood of the nation—and made desolate the homes and hearts of thrice as many more; that planted a stone to the memory of a soldier in every graveyard from the Atlantic to the Pacific; that mortgaged, by taxation, every inch of our soil, that well-nigh destroyed the great temple of our liberties and extinguished forever that day-star of hope to suffering nations; where, I ask, on which side of the contest was ever treacherous England found? I need not reply; you know the answer well. I fear I have already spoken at too great length, and beyond my limits as Officer of the Day, but I would add another word before introducing to you the Poet of the Day. Continue to be vigilant, and in the cause of Ireland never grow despondent. I believe, from the signs of the times, her redemption is not far distant. The history of the past century fully sustains me in this belief. You will remember that in 1774, just one hundred years ago, England, then in the zenith of her glory, was the most powerful nation in the world; two years after, she lost the American Colonies, the first step in her downward career; in 1812 she received a severe drubbing from Jackson and McDonough, and has been going with the consumption ever since. You will also recollect that in 1872 the old granny was obliged to pay a neat little bill of $15,000,000 for her meddling propensities, which, by the way, I tell you in confidence, she never would have paid, only just to spite those unruly boys across the Channel in Ireland. Now there is just one thing more to be done before the old lady makes her demise in 1876, just one hundred years from the date of her first sickness; and Dr. Butt, the Irish Guy Fawkes, her present attending physician, will perform the little operation by touching off the magazine with his Home Rule match, and blow the remainder of the rotten hull in pieces.

Having thus long trespassed on your time and indulgence, I now take pleasure in introducing to you one upon whose broad shoulders has fallen the hereditary mantle of Goldsmith, Moore and Davis, Mr. Richard Tobin, the Poet of the Day.

OUR NATIVE LAND.

Where'er a child of Erin roves to-day
From sunset West to shores of far Cathay,
From every clime lit by the circling sun
He turns to Her that claims him as her own.

Erin Mavourneen, though thy son may roam
Far, far from thee across Atlanta's foam,
To golden lands beside the sun-down sea,
Through deserts scorched beneath the tropic sky,
Or where, 'mid barriers of eternal ice,
The frozen ramparts of the North arise,
An exile to the utter bounds of earth,
He ne'er forgets thee—Isle that gave him birth.

To-day our hearts fly back to Barrow side,
Where fairy Shannon rolls her silver tide,
Where softly sleeps Killarney's crystal lake,
By wild Slieve-na-Mon's darkly-tangled brake,
Where Gailthe Mor uplifts his ancient head,
Where Neagh lies by Kevin's rocky bed;
And far from thee upon a distant strand
Heartfull we pray, "God bless our native land."

We think of thee betwixt a smile and tear,
To us thy sorrows make thee still more dear,
Although thou liest a discrowned queen
In chains amidst the ashes of thy slain,
And for thy vanished glory mourn'st apart—
Eire! thou'rt nearer, dearer to our heart
Than if thou swayed triumphant o'er defeat,
With half the world in conquest at thy feet.

Thrice blessed by God the nation that is free,
That ne'er has felt the pang of slavery;
Or having crooked to tyranny its knee,
Has burst its fetters—risen once more free,
But blest o'er all beside that happy land,
That through an age of bondage can command
Her people's love, her people's heart and hand;
Whose sons are eager in her cause to die,
And falling bless her with their latest sigh.

And thou art worthy, Moina, all our love!
No land can peer thee whereso'er we rove;
No mountains elsewhere lift so grand a brow,
No torrents rush, no streams so gently flow;
No rivers wind with such a silvery sheen,
No hills that mantle in so bright a green;
No sky so blue, no lakes so calmly sleep
As thine, Ierne, emerald of the deep.

Such wert thou, Eire, glorious, great and free,
When sailed the old Phœnician o'er the sea
Wave prest and sparkling like old ocean's bride
He saw thee rising from the envious tide;
And wondering hailed thee from the ocean's breast—
Gem of the sea—the sunburst of the West!

Of Valor, Wit and Love the chosen home,
Thus Venus-like sprang Erin from the foam;
Her monarchs bold and true, her people free,
She sits enthroned and reigns upon the sea;
Round towers lift their heads in mystic file,
With Rath and Barrow through the ancient isle;
O'er many a well-won field her sunbursts gleam,
When Dathi—Niall led her sons to fame.

Yet, Isle of Saints! thy day was brighter seen,
When rose the Cross above thy hills of green,
When to thy shores the Saint Patrician came
To light thee with Salvation's sacred flame;
And never, never yet upon thy fane,
Though torn by discord, Saxon and the Dane,
Through persecuting ages, streams of blood,
Has been one spark extinguished in the flood;
For to the Cross, through bigot hate and wrong
The Celt still clings as he has clung.

Now rings the trump of strife throughout the land—
To arms, to arms, the Northman is at hand!
In arms they rise, the chieftain, clansman, kern,
And well in fight they prove their prowess stern;
Bloody the Celtic triumph, short the strife,
The Irish strike for freedom, country, life;
Till peals from high Clontarf the cry of joy
When Brian drives the sea-wolf to the sea.

Brief was the triumph of that glorious day!
Scarce had the war-cloud lifted from the fray,
Scarce fled the long ships of the beaten Dane,
The Norman came, the Saxon in his train.
He came with iron helm and brandished steel
On Erin's heart to set his cruel heel;
But worse, with deep deceit, with matchless guile,
The Serpent's cunning and the traitor's wile;
He came to slay, to conquer and to spoil,
Dishonor and divide our hapless isle.

Why further trace of Albion's shame the tale,
Of Erin's woes—of fallen Innisfail?
The chalice Albion proferred, Eire quaffed,
Aye—to the bitter drugs the ensanguined draft;
How oft with desperate strength the nation rose
In rude array to grapple with its foes;
How choked the yellow ford with English dead
When great Red Hugh the Celtic onset led;
And hark! from famed Benburb that fierce hurrah
When Owen Roe dashed down the Sassanach;
How by historic Tiber's distant tide
The loved O'Neill, Tyconnell exiled, died;
How seared the fated isle with fire and sword,
Pillaged by hate and ravished by discord.

By Saxon poison and by Saxon steel
Our best, our dearest and our noblest fell;
The mother and the babe, the sire and son—
The sword or scaffold take them one by one.
From Drogheda rings the Puritans' acclaim,
As aged and helpless perish in the flame;
And Wexford hears the child's, the woman's groan,
As round the cross false Cromwell hews them down,
In chains the youth is borne across the wave,
Sold from his home and country as a slave;
The blood-hound tracks the faithful priest,
A price upon his head like hunted beast;
And Erie, freedom, honor, glory fled,
In silent sorrow weeps her martyr dead.

Who dares not to the Almighty's right hand trust?
Vengeance is his—who sayeth he is not just?
Nations must answer for their every crime,
And yet for Albion comes the fated time;
For Erin's wrongs the ashes of her dead,
Cry out to Him for vengeance on her head.

Remember still how fell our brave that died,
When William crossed the fatal Boyne's tide:
Remember, aye, the broken treaty made,
Ere Sarsfield led to France his bold brigade.
When Erie's children fled across the wave,
In Gaul, or Spanish soil, to seek a grave:
In fort, in camp, in siege, in field they died,
But not for her the land of their heart's pride.

Where'er the fiery contest thickens most,
Where squadrons charge and fields are won and lost,
Where hottest fall the screaming shot and shell,
Where wildest rings the maddened battle yell,
Where lurid glares the canon's levin light,
Amid the tempest of the changing fight,
'Mid steel-clad horseman's tramp and surging smoke,
'Gainst bay'net push and swinging sabre stroke,
In all the mimic hell of GLORIOUS war,
There—there the Irish exiles dauntless are;
And oft in war's red van before their blade
Goes down in shame the hated English red.

They drive the Austrian through Cremona's town,
Ramillies sees them beat the Saxon down,
And captive Erin feels a thrill of joy,
At deathless name of glorious Fontenoy.
Upon the banks of Ebro or of Seine,
Or by the castled waves of German Rhine,
Beside the Don, the Danube, Tiber, Po,
For OTHER lands their Irish life's-bloods flow.
In vain they die before Dunkirk, Belgrade,
Whilst Erie pines without one arm to aid;
And deep the pang the stricken exiles feel,
That not for Her—their own dear land they fell.

And shall it e'er be thus? Shall Freedom smile
On all but her own own loved Emerald Isle?
Forbid it, Heaven! that day shall light our isle
When Irish steel shall gleam on Irish soil;
Yet, yet shall millions hail its dawn with joy,
And Erin know an Irish Fontenoy;
Yet, on our flag shall Freedom's day-star beam,
The sword hath lost her and shall yet redeem,
For hark, the voice of millions o'er the sea,
The people's cry, "Our country shall be free."

'Twas in this hope that Emmet fell with pride,
For this the great and good Lord Edward died,
For this sunk Wolf Tone in drear prison cell,
For this the hero patriot, Sarsfield, fell,
His last words, as his life-blood stained his hand,
"Ah! would that this had been for Ireland."
For this the pikemen rose in Ninety-Eight,
For this Orr calmly met a felon's fate,
And to this visioned hope through weal through woe,
Were Meagher, Grattan and O'Connell true;
For this there fell the noble-hearted three,
For this would eager thousands gladly die.

When sadly o'er the wild Atlanta's wave
The people fled from ghastly famine's grave,
When, by the landlord's and the proctor's hand,
They wandered forth from home and native land,
This hope at least within their hearts was green,
That Erin yet a NATION should be seen.

In vain! and is she dead? It may not be,
Whilst yet her sons would die to make her free.
No! yet for truth and freedom Erin strives—
The people perish but the nation lives.

Behold the mystic future I explore!
I see our golden sunburst borne once more
By Irish arms above the Irish shore;
I see the cross-barred Saxon-red go down,
I see our shamrocked harp without the crown;
I see her sons in battle phalanx stand
To strike for Freedom and their native land,
And happy Erin by her own freed men
Before the world proclaimed, "A Nation once again!"

ROBERT TOBIN, St. Patrick's Day Poem, 1874.

THE ORATION.

R. M. Clarken, Esq., the Orator of the Day, was next introduced, amid a storm of applause, and in a clear, ringing voice, that penetrated every part of the building, delivered an eloquent oration. He was frequently applauded throughout, and at its close the building actually trembled with the thunders of applause. Mr. Clarken said:

We have assembled here to-day to commemorate the hallowed associations which cluster around the return of an anniversary dear to the heart of every true and faithful son of the Emerald Isle. In unison with millions of sons of that oppressed and down-trodden land, we have met to-day to awaken the recollections of the past, to kneel assembled at a common shrine and renew the associations which forever endear this memorable occasion to us all. England France and America have their respective national anniversaries and days of jubilee; 'tis but meet that the Emerald Gem of the western world should have her glorious Seventeenth of March. Wherever Irish hearts throb throughout the length and breadth of the habitable globe, from the ice-bound shores of the frozen north to where the blue-tint wave kisses the perennial bloom of a tropic clime, the prayers of an exiled people find universal response, and ascend to the throne of the All High for the land that gave them birth! In casting my eyes around this large and respected assemblage, I cannot but feel that the spirit of true manhood still animates the descendants of a noble ancestry; I cannot but feel that the ties of fatherland still remain unsevered and the spark in the patriotic soul unquenched! Why fear we for the future of Ireland whilst unconquered spirit and undying love pervade the land? Why feel despondent o'er the past, when brightest hopes beckon on? What are all the examples of creation's history worth if we find with it no criterion by which our feet are to be guided in the coming time?

> "Freedom's battle once begun,
> Bequeathed by thinking sire to son,
> Though baffled oft, is ever won."

An American writer has said: "Ireland still has an existence as a nation. She has her universities and her literature. She is still the Emerald Isle of the Ocean. An air of romance and chivalry is around her. The traditional tales that live in her literature invest her history with heroic beauty. But she has no need of these. Real heroes—the O'Neils, the O'Briens and the Emmetts—will be remembered as long as

SELF-DENYING PATRIOTISM

And unconquerable valor are honored among men. In every department of literature she still takes her place. Where is the wreath her shamrock does not adorn? Where the music that has not visited her hills? Her harp has ever kindled the soul of the warrior and soothed the sorrows of the broken-hearted. It has sounded every strain that can move the human heart to greatness or to love. Whatever vices may stain her people, they are free from the crime of involuntary servitude. The Irishman is the man last to be subdued. Possessing an elasticity of character that will rise under the heaviest oppression, he wants only a favorable opportunity and a single spark to set him in a blaze." Such is the just tribute paid your country by this American writer. All countries are to him alike when he is called upon to indict their history. If he sympathizes with Ireland he proves that Ireland is worthy of sympathy. I cannot, to-day, ladies and gentlemen, go into lengthy details concerning the sufferings of Ireland under misrule. The sad story is familiar to all. There is not one generous heart in the civilized world which it has not touched in its tenderest chords and stirred its very center. Seven centuries of the world's history have gone by since Ireland acknowledged a subordinate connection with the English monarch; seven long and eventful centuries have rolled away into the dead past since the cruel edict went forth that your native land should pass into the hands of the tyrant stranger, and before which she stood up in the face of all creation a free and independent people. Ireland! how the very name thrills through the soul and stirs the deepest fountains of its sympathy? How many mournful recollections does it not awaken! Who that has one spark of generosity yet glowing in his bosom, has not felt his spirit burn within him at the sad rehearsal of Ireland's wrongs? Is there one "man" on the face of the earth who can hear that story unmoved? Is there one who has not shared to a greater or less extent in the tender feelings embodied in the touching lines of Erin's sweetest, greatest poet:

> The stranger shall hear thy lament o'er the plains;
> The sigh of thy harp shall be sent o'er the deep;
> Till thy tyrants themselves, as they rivet thy chains,
> Shall pause o'er their captives and weep.

Yes, the student of history has on those pages of a sad career a story to contemplate than which more mournful has not yet been rehearsed. Look at her, the little island beyond the seas, and you whose first inspirations were gathered there, contemplate for the moment her present condition, and then contrast it with

THE DAYS OF MALACHI OF OLD.

Before the treacherous foe entered her borders. There she stood forth in the splendor of her own originality, a mighty nation with kings and chieftains; her parliaments and laws, peace and beautiful prosperity forever abiding within her domain; peopled by an industrious, frugal and brave race, an enthusiastic love of country predominating in them; the arts and sciences and learning flourishing there; fertile valleys teeming with plenty, and their hills covered with fattening herds, generous, hospitable, and friendly, they possessed the materials of distinguished men. But, in an evil hour, the serpent of discord entered among them, and with that distinguishing national characteristic they quarreled among themselves; their English neighbors volunteered an arbitration, and with armed men went among them, not to conquer a nation. The disjointed provinces soon fell, one by one, and then Ireland—your own native Ireland—fell with them. Alas! how mighty they fall! England had crossed the channel and Ireland was free no more. She fell and with her went down the hopes and cherished anticipations of future generations.

> "She fell devoted but undying;
> The very gale *her* name seemed sighing;
> Her spirit wrapped the dusky mountain;
> Her memory sparkled o'er the fountain;
> The merest rill, the mightiest river,
> Roll'd mingling with her fame forever."

Falling, she left the spirit of resistance as an heirloom to coming generations; she began that battle for freedom which will eventually place her in the foremost ranks among the nations of the earth.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * *

Irishmen of America, it becomes you to be up and doing in the good work inaugurated in the mother land. In this free and enlightened land, away out on the Western Hemisphere, you have sought refuge from a constant tyranny, and you have found it for yourselves and children. Under

THE FOLDS OF THE BROAD FLAG

Of this country, you have found that freeedom that was denied you on your own native land; here, spread out upon all sides, is to be had every blessing a kind Providence can bestow on a great people; peace, plenty and prosperity abound, and are enjoyed alike by all. The Magna Charta of the Union asks no questions of the subject, but commands protection to the sons of the soil. Our safeguard lies in the inviolable conservation of our National Constitution. For ninety-eight years it has been our pilot; has steered us clear from the rocks and shoals on which other nations have been rent asunder; and during that time has borne us along on a course of uninterrupted and unexampled prosperity—a free and happy people. And no wonder, for the American Constitution is a masterpiece of human wisdom and foresight. It guarantees equal rights to every citizen, and protects them all equally in the maintenance of these rights. It takes no cognizance of sect in religion, or of parties in politics, but legislates for all, with an impartial balance. It recognizes the laws and rights of all other nations, and respects them, and yet throws open its portals to all of every nation who desire to live under its benignant and happy rule. Hence there are no citizens in this republic who love it with a stronger and truer attachment and a juster appreciation of the civil and social benefits it confers, and who are more interested in defending it, than the Irish immigrants. They have resolved to live under and to die under it. They revere it and will stand by it.

THEY WILL DEFEND IT AGAINST ALL ENEMIES,

And, if need be, will die for it. For it secures for them all they will demand—life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

But while remaining true and faithful sons of this country, let not Irishmen forget the soil beyond the sea. While always living here so as to gain the encomiums of all good citizens, let them never forget that there is a debt of filial obligation to which the mother country is entitled, and that must be paid. The time is most assuredly advancing, and God grant that its advent may not be far removed. "Let the leaders of the nation then bestir themselves. Long ages of oppression unfortunately have rendered them somewhat timid and seemingly afraid of jeopardizing the important interests confined to their care. Let them lift up their eyes and see that the time for timidity has passed away; the enemy is reckless and open in his attacks; their resistance must be equally undisguised and fearless. The people themselves understand this, and occasionally display a boldness which shows that the old heroism still lives in them; but they want leaders, and, if the right ones are not fast enough to take hold of them, they fall into the hands of wrong-headed guides. Let the true guides look out and see how broad are the lines which divide the good from the evil, and that victory is sure to the stout of heart, when backed by the serried masses of a trusted people. The principle of association and the machinery of organization must be applied to all subjects connected with the resurrection of the country. What has been done so effectually for the cause of temperance must be done for education, for the development of agriculture, commerce and manufactures. All classes of society, persons of every age and of either sex; yes, women and children, ought to be induced to take interest in what concerns all alike. Every possible occasion should be taken advantage of to secure the attainment of the ultimate object. When such a work is really entered upon in earnest, the results will be astonishing.

The past says to the Irish landlord of the present, "If you desire that your land increase in value, and that your rents increase in amounts,

STRIVE FOR THE FREEDOM OF IRELAND."

To the laborer it says, "If you desire good wages, plenty of food and a home of your own, and for your children land of their own, strive for the freedom of Ireland." To all it says: "In union their is strength. Be united, and you shall be free. Become free, and you will become prosperous and happy."

> "Go, tell the royal virgin that O'Moore, McHugh, O'Neill
> Will smite the faithless stranger while there's steel in Innisfail.
> The blood you shed shall only serve more deep revenge to nurse,
> And our hatred be as lasting as the tyranny we curse.
> From age to age consuming it shall burn a quenchless fire,
> And the son shall thirst and burn still more fiercely than his sire.
> By our sorrows, songs and battles, by our cromleachs, raths and towers;
> By sword and chain, by all our slain, between your race and ours,
> By naked glaives and yawning graves, and ceaseless tears and gore,
> Till battle's flood wash out in blood your footsteps from our shore."

A select programme was then carried out.

Miss Maggie Moore sang "The Minstrel Boy," and acquitted herself well and bravely, though suffering from toothache at the time. Indeed the success of the programme was insured by the kindness of the managers of the California Theatre, and the efficiency of the volunteers from that establishment. Mr. Barton Hill, in particular, won fresh laurels by his magnificent recitation of "Erin's Flag." His reputation and popularity insured him a warm reception, but as he gave out the stirring lines with the enthusiasm of a man who had received the infection of Nationality around him, as he gave an added force to every word by his masterly elocution, the deafening plaudits which seemed to raise the roof at the close sufficiently proved that both were enhanced.

ERIN'S FLAG.

Unroll Erin's flag! fling its folds to the breeze!
Let it float o'er the land, let it flash o'er the sea;
Lift it out of the dust—let it wave as of yore,
When its chiefs with their clans stood around it and swore
That never!—no!—never, while God gave them life,
And they had an arm and a sword for the strife,
That never!—no!—never, that Banner would yield
As long as the heart of a Celt was its shield;
While the hand of a Celt had a weapon to wield,
And his last drop of blood was unshed on the field.

Lift it up! wave it high!—'tis as bright as of old!
Not a stain on its Green, not a blot on its Gold,
Though the woes and the wrongs of three hundred long years
Have drenched Erin's Sunburst with blood and with tears;
Though the clouds of oppression enshroud it in gloom,
And around it the thunders of Tyranny boom.
Look aloft! look aloft! lo! the clouds drifting by,
There's a gleam through the gloom, there's a light in the sky,
'Tis the Sunburst resplendent—far, flashing on high!
Erin's dark night is waning, her day dawn is nigh!

Lift it up! lift it up! the old Banner of Green!
The blood of its sons has but brightened its sheen!
What!—though the Tyrant has trampled it down,
Are its folds not emblazoned with deeds of renown?
What!—though for ages it droops in the dust,
Shall it droop thus forever!—No! no! God is just!
Take it up! take it up! from the Tyrant's foul tread,
Let him tear the Green Flag—we will snatch its last shred,
And beneath it we'll bleed as our forefathers bled,
And we'll vow by the dust in the graves of our dead,
And we'll swear by the blood which the Briton has shed
And we'll vow by the wrecks which through Erin he spread—
And we'll swear by the thousands who, famished, unfed,
Died down in the ditches—wild-howling for bread,
And we'll vow by our heroes, whose spirits have fled;
And we'll swear by the bones of each coffinless bed,
That we'll battle the Briton through danger and dread;
That we'll cling to the cause which we glory to wed,
Till the gleam of our steel and the shock of our lead
Shall prove to our foe that we meant what we said—
That we'll lift up the Green, and we'll tear down the Red.

Lift up the Green Flag! oh! it wants to go home;
Full long has its lot been to wander and roam;
It has followed the fate of its sons o'er the world,
But its folds, like their hopes, are not faded nor furled;
Like a weary-winged bird, to the East and the West
It has flitted and fled—but it never shall rest,
Till, pluming its pinions, it sweeps o'er the main,
And speeds to the shores of its old home again,
Where its fetterless folds, o'er each mountain and plain,
Shall wave with a glory that never shall wane.

Take it up! take it up! bear it back from afar—
That Banner must blaze 'mid the lightnings of war:
Lay your hands on its folds, lift your gaze to the sky,
And swear that you'll bear it triumphant or die,
And shout to the clans, scattered far o'er the earth,
To join in the march to the land of their birth;
And wherever the exiles, 'neath heaven's broad dome,
Have been fated to suffer, to sorrow and roam,
They'll bound on the sea, and away o'er the foam—
They'll march to the music of "Home, boys, sweet home!"

Miss Fanny Marston, who kindly volunteered her services at the California Theatre for the St. Patrick's Day celebration, performed her portion of the programme in a manner which left nothing to be desired. She sang the "Star Spangled Banner" in spirited style, and recalled by a rapturous encore, favored the audience with Claribel's beautiful "Come Back to Erin," which we publish:

COME BACK TO ERIN.

Come back to Erin, Mavourneen, Mavourneen,
Come back Aroon to the land of thy birth,
Come with the shamrocks and spring-time, Mavourneen,
And its Killarney shall ring with our mirth.
Sure, when we lent you to beautiful England,
Little we thought of the long winter days,
Little we thought of the hush of the starshine
Over the mountains, the bluffs, and the braes.

CHORUS:

Then come back to Erin, Mavourneen, Mavourneen
Come back again to the land of thy birth,
Come back to Erin, Mavourneen, Mavourneen,
And its Killarney shall ring with our mirth.

Over the green sea, Mavourneen, Mavourneen,
Long shone the white sail that bore thee away,
Riding the white waves that fair summer morning
Just like a may-flower afloat on the bay.
Oh! but my heart sank when clouds came between us,
Like a grey curtain the rain falling down,
Hid from my sad eyes the path o'er the ocean,
Far, far away where my Colleen had flown.

CHORUS:

Then come back to Erin, etc.

Oh! may the angels a wakin', and sleepin',
Watch o'er my bird in the land far away,
And its my prayers will consign to their keepin'
Care o' my jewel by night and by day.
When by the fireside I watch the bright embers,
Then all my heart flies to England and thee,
Cravin' to know if my darling remembers,
Or if her thoughts may be crossin' to me.

CHORUS:

Then come back to Erin, etc.

Mr. J. C. Williamson recited Shamus O'Brien creditably, though, perhaps, scarcely so well as he did later in the evening at the rooms of the Literary and Social Club.

Mr. Russell sang "The Dear Little Shamrock" in his usual good style, Miss Lulu Ward's song, "Sweet Spirit, Hear My Prayer," was ably rendered. The chorus, "God Save Ireland," creditably led by Mr. William Barton

(*Continued on First Page.*)

THE IRISH NATIONALIST.

SAN FRANCISCO, MARCH 21, 1874.

THE GREEN, WHITE AND GOLD.

Air—The Red, White and Blue.

In the soft blooming vales of our country
Three colors shine brightest of all,
On moorland, on mountain, and meadow,
On cottage and old castle wall,—
They shine in the gay summer garden,
And glint in the depths of the wold,
And they gleam on the banner of Ireland,
Our Colors—the Green, White and Gold!

Then, hurrah for the Green, White and Gold
To the fresh winds of Freedom outrolled!
May they gleam on the banner of Ireland,
Our Colors—the Green, white and gold!

In the days of Fomorian and Fenian
Our colors flashed bright in the ray,
And their gleam kept the fierce Roman eagles
In Roman-conquered Britain at bay.
When Con fought his hundred red battles,
And the lightning struck Dathi of old,
As he bore through Helvetia's wild gorges
Our Colors—the Green, White and Gold!

Then, hurrah for the Green, White and Gold!
May they flourish again as of old,
May they wave o'er new Fenian Legions
Our Colors—the Green, White and Gold!

Up many a grim breach of glory,
Up many a fierce battle tide,
Waving high o'er the red-gleaming surges
Our colors swept on in their pride;
From the day when triumphant they fluttered
O'er the legions of Brian the Bold,
Till with Sarsfield they streamed down the Shannon,
Our Colors—the Green, White and Gold!

Then, hurrah for the Green, White and Gold
To the free winds of Heaven outrolled,
May they gleam on the banner of Ireland,
Our Colors—the Green, White and Gold!

In those dark days of doom and disaster,
Is it dead—the love for our land?
Are our hearts less brave than our fathers?
Comes the sword with less deft to our hand?
No! We've proved it the wide world o'er
In all lands where war's surges have rolled,
And we'll raise it triumphant in Ireland,
Our Colors—the Green, White and Gold!

Then, hurrah for the Green, White and Gold!
May they flourish again as of old,
May we see them triumphant in Ireland,
Our Colors—the Green, White and Gold!

SUPPRESSED COPY OF THE DUBLIN "NATION."

We present our readers with some of the articles from the suppressed copy of the *Notion*, July 29th, 1848. This paper was never issued, the office having been entered by the police and everything seized. The *Nation* of that time was widely different from the journal which now bears that name; it was a thorough revolutionary organ, as may be seen from the subjoined articles, which now appear for the first time in America.—[Ed. Irish Nationalist.

JACTA ALEA EST.

(From the suppressed "Nation" of July 29th, 1848.)

The Irish nation has at length decided. England has done us one good service at least. Her recent acts have taken away the last miserable pretext for passive submission. She has justified us before the world, and ennobled the timid, humble supplication of a degraded, insulted people, into the proud demand for independence, by a resolved, prepared, and fearless nation.

Now, indeed, were the men of Ireland *cowards* and *traitors* this moment for retribution, combat and victory were to pass by unemployed. It finds them slaves, but it would leave them infamous.

Oh! for a hundred thousand muskets glittering brightly in the light of Heaven, and the monumental barricades stretching across each of our noble streets, made desolate by England—circling round that doomed Castle, made infamous by England, where the foreign tyrant has held his council of treason and iniquity against our people and our country for seven hundred years.

Courage rises with danger, and heroism with resolve. Does not our breath come freer, each heart beat quicker in these rare and grand moments of human life, when all doubt, and wavering, and weakness are cast to the winds, and the soul rises majestic over each petty obstacle—each low, selfish consideration, and, flinging off the fetters of prejudice, bigotry, and egotism, bounds forward into the higher, diviner life of heroism and patriotism—defiant as a conqueror, devoted as a martyr, omnipotent as a deity?

We appeal to the whole Irish nation—is there any man amongst us who wishes to take one further step on the base path of sufferance and slavery? Is there one man who thinks that Ireland has not been sufficiently insulted, that Ireland has not been sufficiently degraded in her honor and her rights, to justify her now in fiercely turning upon her oppressor? No! a man so infamous cannot tread the earth; or if he does, the voice of the coward is stifled in the clear, wild, ringing shout that leaps from hill to hill, that echoes from sea to sea, that peals from the lips of an uprisen nation—"We must be free!"

In the name then of your trampled, insulted, degraded country; in the name of all heroic virtues, of all that makes life illustrious or death divine; in the name of your starved, your exiled, your *dead;* by your martyrs in prison cells and felon chains; in the name of God and man; by the listening earth and the watching Heaven, I call on you to make the aspirations of your souls *a deed*. Even as you read these weak words of a heart that yet palpitates with an enthusiasm as heroic as your own, and your breast heaves and your eyes grow dim with tears as the memory of Ireland's wrongs rushes upon your souls—even *now* lift up your right hand to Heaven and swear—swear by your undying soul, by your hopes of immortality, never to lay down your arms, never to cease hostilities, till you regenerate and save this fallen land.

Gather round the standard of your chiefs. Who dares to say he will not follow, when O'Brien leads? Or who amongst you is so abject that he will grovel in the squalid misery of his hut, or be content to be flung from the ditch side into the living tomb of the poor-house, rather than charge proudly, like brave men and free men with that glorious young Meagher at their head, upon the hired mercenaries of their enemies? One bold, one decisive move. One instant to take breath, and then a rising, a rush; a charge from north, south, east and west upon the English garrison, and *the land is ours*. Do your eyes flash—do your hearts throb at the prospect of having *a country?* For you have had no country. You have never felt the pride, the dignity, the majesty of independence. You could never lift up your head to Heaven and glory in the name of Irishman, for all Europe read the brand of *slave* upon your brow.

Oh! that my words could burn like molten metal through your veins, and light up this ancient heroic daring which would make each man of you a Leonidas—each battle-field a Marathon—each pass a Thermopylæ. Courage! —need I preach to Irishmen of courage? Is it so hard a thing, then, to die? Alas! do we not all die daily of broken hearts and shattered hopes, and tortures of mind and body that make life a weariness, and weariness worse even than the torture; for his life is now one long, slow agony of death.

No! it cannot be death you fear; for you have braved the plague in the exile ship of the Atlantic, and plague in the exile's hope beyond it; and famine and ruin, and a slave's life and a dog's death; and hundreds, thousands, *a million* of you have perished thus. Courage! You will not now belie those old traditions of humanity that tell of this divine God-gift within us. I have read of a Roman wife who stabbed herself before her husband's eyes to teach him how to die. These million deaths teach us a grand lesson. To die for Ireland! Yes; have we not sworn it in a thousand passionate words by our poets and orators—in the grave resolves of Councils, Leagues and Confederations? Now is the moment to test whether you value most Freedom or Life. Now is the moment to strike, and by striking save, and the day after the victory it will be time enough to count our dead.

But we do not provoke this war. History will write of us—that Ireland endured wrongs unexampled by any despotism—suffering unequalled by any people—her life-blood drained by a vampire host of foreign masters and officials—her honor insulted by a paid army of spies—her cries of despair stifled by the armed hand of legalized ruffianism—that her peasants starved while they reaped the corn for their foreign lords, because no man gave them bread—that her pallid artizans pined and wasted, because no man gave them work—that her men of genius, the noblest and purest of her sons, were dragged to a felon's cell, lest the people might hear the voice of TRUTH, and that in this horrible atrophy of all mental and physical powers, this stagnation of all existence who ever dared to rise and demand wherefore it was that Ireland, made so beautiful by God, was made the plague spot of the universe by man—he was branded as a Felon, imprisoned, robbed, tortured, chained, exiled, murdered. Thus history will write of us. And she will also write that Ireland did not start from this horrid trance of suffering and despair until 30,000 swords were at her heart, and even then she did not rise for vengeance, only *prepared to resist*. No, we are not the aggressors—we do not provoke this terrible war. Even with 6,000,000 hearts to aid us, and with all the chances of success in our favor, we still offer terms to England. If she capitulates even now at the eleventh hour, and grants the moderate, the just demands of Ireland, our arms shall not be raised to sever the golden link that unites the two nations. And the chances of success are all with us. There is a God-like strength in a just cause—a desperate energy in men who are fighting in their own land for the possession of that land. A glowing enthusiasm that scorns all danger when from success they can look onward to a future of unutterable glory and happiness for their country. Opposed to us are only a hired soldiery and a paid police, who, mere trained machines even as they are, yet must shudder (for they are men) at the horrible task of butchery under the blasphemed name of duty to which England summons them. Brothers, many of them are of this people they are called upon to murder—sons of the same soil—fellow-countrymen of those who are struggling to elevate their common country. Surely whatever humanity is left in them will shrink from being made the sad instruments of despotism and tyranny—they will blush to receive the purchase-money of England which hires them for the accursed and fratricidal work. Would a Sicilian have been found in the ranks of Naples? Would a Milanese have been detected in the fierce hordes of Austria? No, for the Sicilians prize honor, and the stately Milanese would strike the arm to the earth that would dare to offer them Austrian gold in payment for the blood of their own countrymen. And Heaven forbid that in *Ireland* could be found a band of armed fratricides to fight against their own land for the flag of a foreign tyrant. But if, indeed, interest, or coercion should tempt them into so horrible and unnatural a position, pity, a thousand times pity, for those brave officers who vaunt themselves on their honor. Pity for that brave soldiery whose Irish valour has made England illustrious, that they must stain honor, and fame, and profession, and their brave swords, by lending them to so infamous a cause. Ah! we need not tremble for a nation filled with a pure and holy enthusiasm, and fighting for all that human nature holds dear; but the masters of those hired mercenaries may well tremble for their cause, for the consciousness of eternal infamy will unnerve every arm that is raised to uphold it.

If the government, then, do not come forward with honest, honorable and liberal concessions, let the war, active and passive, commence. *They* confide in the discipline of their troops—*we* in the righteousness of our cause. But not even a burning enthusiasm—which they have not—added to their discipline, could make a garrison of 30,000 men hold their ground against 6,000,000. And one thing is certain—that if the people do not choose to fight the garrison, they may *starve* them. Adopt the Milan method—let no man sell to them. This passive warfare may be carried on in every village in Ireland, while more active hostilities are proceeding through all the large towns and cities. But to gain possession of the capital should be the one grand object of all efforts. Let every one converge to this point. The Castle is the keystone of English power. Take it, destroy it, burn it—at any hazard become masters of it; and, on the same ground from whence proceeded all those acts of insult and infamy which aroused the just retribution of a people's vengeance, establish a government in which the people of all classes can place confidence.

On this pedestal of fallen tyranny and corruption raise a structure of nobleness that will at once give security and the prestige of time-honored and trusted names to our revolution. For a people who rise to overthrow a despotism will establish no modification of it in its place. If they fight, it is for absolute independence; and, as the first step in a revolution should be to prevent the possibility of anarchy, the men elected to form this government ought at once to take the entire progress and organization of the revolution under their protection and authority. It will be their duty to watch that no crime be suffered to stain the pure flag of Irish liberty. We must show to the world that we are fitted to govern ourselves, that we are, indeed, worthy to be a free nation; that the words union, liberty, country, have as sacred a meaning in our hearts and actions as they are holy on our lips; that patriotism means not merely the wild irresistible force that crushes tyranny, but reconstruction, regeneration, heroism, sacrifice, sublimity; that we have not alone to break the fetters of Ireland, but to raise her to a glorious elevation—defend her, liberate her, ennoble her, sanctify her.

Nothing is wanting to complete our regeneration, to ensure our success, but to cast out those vices which have disgraced our name among the nations. There are terrible traditions shadowing the word liberty in Ireland. Let it be our task, men of this generation, descendants of martyrs, and sufferers, and heroes, to make it a glad evangel of happiness—a reign of truth over fictions and symbols—of intellect over prejudice and conventionalism—of humanity over tyranny and oppression. Irishmen! this resurrection into a new life depends on you; for we have lain dead. Hate, distrust, oppression, disunion, selfishness, bigotry—these things are death. We must crush all vices—annihilate all evil passions, trample on them, as a triumphant Christ with his foot upon a serpent, and then the proud hallelujah of freedom will rise to Heaven from the lips of a pure, a virtuous, a regenerated, a God-blessed people; and this fair land of ours, which now affrights the world with its misery, will be one grand temple, in which we shall all kneel as brothers—one holy, peaceful, loving fraternity—sons of one common country—children of one God—heirs together of those blessings purchased by our blood—a heritage of freedom, justice, independence, prosperity and glory.

Archbishop McHale on O'Donel's Candidature.

At a conference of the clergy from the three dioceses of Tuam, Killala and Achonry, Archbishop McHale spoke well and forcibly in demonstration of the folly of electing a landlord, one with all the interests and prejudices of his class, to represent the people in parliament, whatever professions he might make on the hustings. We quote a brief portion of the Archbishop's speech, and it is a noteworthy fact that every remark he makes for the benefit of the Mayo electors are equally applicable to Kelly's candidature in Limerick, and give a severe rebuke, while they set a salutary example to Bishop Butler. Speaking of O'Donel's professions and promises, the Archbishop says:

Have the heads of the noble house of Newport any record of public beneficence to show the voters of this county? We are not so young, nor are our memories so leaky, that we should forget the awful famine years of '46, '47 and '48. What misery did not the people bear, what sufferings did they not endure in these times, when they were thrown out of their homesteads by heartless landlords, and these homes made into sheep-walks and large farms, while the people were banished to a foreign shore, or left houseless or homeless to starve and die, as many of them did, by the wayside? Are we to forget all this and much more? The pastors of the people ought to be the last to forget these things; and if we should forget them, why, the people themselves, who still live at home, do not forget them; and they should, and rightly, too, deem us recreants to the cause of humanity and religion, if we should aid in rewarding with the seal of approbation the perpetrators of such public wrongs. If we should forget these things, the eyes and ears of our exiled kindred in America and in the broad lands of Australia, are open to see and hear what happens here at home; and they would cry out in the voice of execration from their far-off abodes, saying, "Shame on such conduct!" * * * * * The candidate is not, then, in my opinion, one who ought to be honored by the public trust of representing the interests of this county in parliament.

There were two attempts made on Tuesday night to set Reno on fire, and the second one came near being a success. Certain parties are suspected of the crime.

A correspondent of the Sutter Creek *Independent*, writing from Lancha Plana, says the mines are about played out in that neighborhood. The only chance there is for the place to regain its former prosperity, or even the shadow of it, is the much-talked-of railroad from Stockton to Ione.

"GOD SAVE IRELAND."

Air: "Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching."

High upon the gallows tree
Swung the noble-hearted three,
By the vengeful tyrant stricken in their bloom;
But they met him face to face,
With the courage of their race,
And they went with souls undaunted to their doom.
"God save Ireland!" said the heroes;
"God save Ireland!" said they all;
"Whether on the scaffold high
"Or the battle-field we die,
"Oh, what matter, when for Erin dear we fall!"

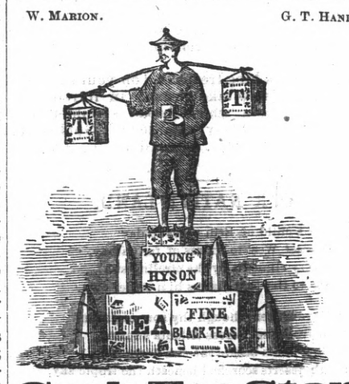
Girt around with cruel foes,
Still their spirit proudly rose,
For they thought of hearts that loved them far and near,
Of the millions true and brave
O'er the ocean's swelling wave,
And the friends in holy Ireland ever dear.
"God save Ireland!" said they proudly;
"God save Ireland!" said they all;
"Whether on the scaffold high
"Or the battle-field we die,
"Oh, what matter, when for Erin dear we fall!"

Climbed they up the rugged stair,
Sung their voices out in prayer,
Then with England's fatal cord around them cast,
Close beneath the gallows tree,
Kissed like brothers lovingly,
True to home and faith and freedom to the last.
"God save Ireland!" prayed they loudly;
"God save Ireland!" said they all:
"Whether on the scaffold high,
"Or the battle-field we die,
"Oh, what matter, when for Erin dear we fall!"

Never till the latest day
Shall the memory pass away
Of the gallant lives thus given for our land;
But on the cause must go,
Amidst joy, or weal, or woe,
Till we've made our isle a nation free and grand.
"God save Ireland!" say we proudly;
"God save Ireland!" say we all:
"Whether on the scaffold high
"Or the battle field we die,
"Oh, what matter, when for Erin dear we fall!"

MISCELLANEOUS.

W. Marion. G. T. Hanly.



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Revolutionary Ideas.

FOR THE YOUNG MEN OF IRELAND.

(*From the Irish Tribune of June* 24, 1848.)

At a time like the present, when the vicious systems of European Government, so time-honored and so iniquitous, are dissolving and passing away before the irresistible power of all subduing *Revolution*, it seems to me not altogether inappropriate to consider more particularly the nature of this wondrous agent, and its probable effects upon the most vital interests of our common human family ; and having spent an hour lately, reflecting upon this great theme, I thought I might as well, perhaps, bring my ideas before you, in, however, the same unconnected and rambling manner in which they arose.

Inevitable law—a principle implanted in our human nature, which, like all other natural laws, will constantly vindicate itself—brought about at once, so soon as the members of our race became at all numerous upon the earth, the "division of labor"—the unavoidable superiority of one member over another, and the elevation of some one individual to the topmost pinnacle of power, which conditions of things, under very dissimilar and varying forms, have prevailed to the present, and shall prevail to all time. Different circumstances, of course, at different times, influenced the selection of the chief to whom men were to pay homage. At first, very naturally, mere beauty of person, and the possession of distinguishing physical powers were the qualities which won the popular favor, and secured their possessor the foremost station. Then, gradually and by many intermediate stages, came the supremacy of the intellectual power, the dynasty of genius, the orator whose burning words could rouse the people to action, and the statesman whose wisdom made his country honored and renowned. Still, however, although the tyranny of mere brute force yielded to the pleasing despotism of intellect, the position of the great body of the people was little better than it had ever been. *Slavery*, under whatever deceitful "alias" designated, still coiled its deadly and soul-destroying folds around the "people," and *nations* grovelled in the dust, in order that a "Cæsar", a "Mahomet," a "Charlemagne," or a "Napoleon" might walk erect, and even assume the bearing of a god ! All this time, however, one great principle, not recognized by many, and unheeded by all, founded on the basis of everlasting truth, though oft violated and disregarded, was slowly but surely developing itself. It had fitfuly flashed upon the world for an instant, and at far distant intervals ; but it first rose a steady light over the destinies of "Washington :" it burned a path of fire for the first French Revolution, and it now shines a full sun, for ever, over the last. It was announced in that sublime "Confession of Faith" which is stamped on freemen's hearts for all times, which declared itself evident "that all men had been created equal," and it is invoked when Frenchmen proclaim "*egalite* !" Yes, it is the glorious principle of equality ! the indefeasible right of all men to the fullest participation in the honors, dignities, and prerogatives, of their race. It has been sneered at and derided by those whose selfish interest it is to sustain the present order of things, and who, assuming their definition of it to be the correct one, have demonstrated triumphantly that it is not *possible* for all men to be equal, as if such an insane idea had ever been entertained by the advocates of "equality," who only claim an equal right, and are not desirous of infringing natural laws, which assign a certain position to each man, according to his physical and mental constitution, and the circumstances in the midst of which he is placed.

All philosophic observation of human history would clearly prove, according to my judgment, that there was originally impressed upon man's nature an impulse of progression, of development, and that the direction of this principle—if it should not, as some have dreamed, eventuate in a "millenium"—has ever been *forwards*, with a tendency to good. Thus, there is easily to be discerned in the records of our race, the slow but unerring workings of a law which substitutes the social for the isolated, replaces the wild rule of violence by reason's equable sway, and demands that the natural government of elected deputies should supercede the transmitted despotism of irresponsible kings. Wherever the recognition of this great law became clear, and that the blessed light of liberty shone in upon the darkness of an enslaved people, so blind were the tyrants from success, so unrelaxing their grasp of unrighteous power, the force of reason and argument was utterly unavailing, and there remained but to bring to bear upon them the terrific engine of revolution. Revolution ! what grand, august, and terrible memories are awakened by the name ! How shall men define it ? We know it by its truits from the western world, where the colonists, who lately flung English imports into the sea, and fought at Bunker's-hill, now dispute, with all, the sovriegnty of the world. It spoke in the thunders of '89, and succeeding years, with all their crimes, and all their glories, where young Freedom, born in a revolution, was baptized in blood; it slept for a season, then rose like a giaut, "refreshed from wine," planted the liberties of France on a fortress eternal as time, swept like an avenging angel over the despotisms of the Continent—destroying that it might reconstruct—nerved the hand of the fiery Southern as he grasped the Austrian with a gripe which relaxed not but in death, and in fine, proclaimed to all lands groaning under oppression, "Arise, the hour of your deliverance is at hand !".

Governments have ever, more or less rudely, violated the true conditions of their existence, Called into being by the necessity of social requirements for the common good of all, the interests of a class have ever been preferred by them to the welfare of the community ; and whether the head of that government had been called emperor or king, president or premier, so long as he was irresponsible—as long as he disregarded this law (as true as death), "the equality of all men"—so long were nations defrauded of their birthrights, so long "Liberty" was a shadow and "Freedom" unknown.

Revolution was the apostle that preached this law, vowed war to the death against all gainsayers, and never paused till it shrined the immortal idea high in the hearts of all true believers. It tore down all the false idols which slaves had adored ; swept away all superstitions, and proclaimed the reign of reason. It planted its heel on the bigot's neck—crushed the head of the serpent, fanaticism—spurned the false doctrines of the rabid zealot—and declaring religion as free as the winds, preached the generous gospel of universal toleration. Of course, those great sentiments met violent opposition. People point to the condition of Paris—of France—now, and call the penalties, which are due and must be paid for the crimes of the dynasty, the consequences of the change. But it is surely no valid argument against revolutions to urge the individual suffering which has often followed in their train—the widespread ruin which has fallen upon classes—or the excesses which have sometimes been committed during moments of forgetfulness. It is not maintained that a revolution is, necessarily, perfection itself. This would not be possible, as, all human actions being unavoidably imperfect, absolute impeccability is a thing not to be hoped for. The enemies of progress, however, should seriously reflect, whether the misfortunes and calamities of a revolution—which are so deplorable, but for the most part necessary and unavoidable—are not clearly chargeable to their account ; and it would behove them to ponder deeply whether they should not take immediate steps, wherever they yet may, to break the shock of the just retribution which, most certainly, shall be enforced.

Have *all*, then, heard the charmer's voice ? Has the summons been heeded by all? Oh, brothers! if you know a land, dear to you by many a nameless tie—which, smiled upon by God, has been frowned on by man—where the rich gifts of a bounteous nature contrast most sadly with human misery, where galling chains, forged by the oppressor to stifle at the same time his own conscience and the cries of his victim, check in the image of God, the assertion of his manhoed, and debase him to the level of the brute—a land, in whose children "'twas treason to love her and death to defend," where laws were so iniquitous as that loyalty to the crown imposed the desperate guilt of disloyalty to country—a land whose rulers deliberately pitted man against man, race against race, and, rising in the scale of infamous guilt, impiously made religion (which should be the sacred neutral ground, on whose broad surface all might meet in peace,) the "foul fiend" whose devilish strife should hopelessly distract all—oh! if there be such a land within your ken, thirsting for the waters of life-giving freedom, then I put it on your souls, by all you value as most sacred, to thunder in its ears the salvation-sound of this revolutionary hymn which is ringing its notes through the world. LANCET.

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$9,500. TO CAPITALISTS—Valuable leasehold property for sale; rents in six years clear $15,600; buildings at low valuation, to be removed, worth $5,950, leaving a clear profit of $12,050 in six years. Terms liberal. Apply to J D CUSHEON, 236 Montgomery st.

TO MINERS—Wanted a few experienced miners, with small capital, who have some idea of the working of rich gravel mines by hydraulic power; good chance offers to secure an interest in a rich gravel mine on easy terms. No money required until the party fully prospects the mine. Apply to J D CUSHEON, 236 Montgomery st.

CIGAR AND TOBACCO STORE—First-class stand store handsomely fitted up; reliable, steady trade $200; a rare bargain. Apply at once to J D CUSHEON, 236 Montgomery st.

TO BLACKSMITHS—For Sale—Half interest in a first-class Carriage and Wagon Shop, where a good blacksmith is required; lots of work. A steady man can buy in on good terms. Apply to J D CUSHEON, 236 Montgomery st.

GROCERY AND LIQUOR BUSINESS—For Sale—Good stand, stock, reliable famil, and bar trade; sell the stock, fixtures and furniture; a bargain seldom offered; owner going up country. Apply to J D CUSHEON, 236 Montgomery st.

COUNTRY STORE IN VALLEJO; fine stock; stand good and trade. Apply to J D CUSHEON, 236 Montgomery st.

RESTAURANT FOR SALE—Elegantly fitted up; excellent bar wine trade; rare chance now offers to buy into a money-making restaurant for little money. Apply to J D CUSHEON, 236 Montgomery st.

PRODUCE STORE—For Sale—A good paying business; no better stand; handsome store and rooms; long lease; good horse, wagon and susbtantial trade; a bargain. Apply to J D CUSHEON, 236 Mont.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

MRS. P. QUIGLEY,
MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN
CARPENTERS' TOOLS,
No. 911 Market St.,
Between Stockton and Powell, SAN FRANCISCO.

A Large and Choice Stock of Tools. Manufacturers of Spirit Levels. mh7tf

C. DESMOND

PRACTICAL HATTER,
NO. 5 NEW MONTGOMERY STREET,
GRAND HOTEL BUILDING,

IS SELLING OFF HIS LARGE AND VARIED STOCK of Hats and Caps at less than half its value, in order to make room for a large invoice now in transit. Those goods

WILL AND MUST BE SOLD,

So bargains may be expected. You can assure yourself of the truth of this statement by a personal examination. The stock embraces every variety, from the FINEST HAT to a 25 cent CAP.

All who have dealt with Desmond will vouch that

If you a shapely hat would wear,
And one that will endure,
Just go to Desmond's store, and there
You can be suited, sure.

C. DESMOND,
5 New Montgomery street, under the Grand Hotel.
[mh14tf]

WM. J. BLYTHE,

Band Master 3d Irish Regiment, N. G. C.
RESIDENCE --- 283 Stevenson street.---PLACE OF BUSINESS---C. C. Keene's Music Store, Cor Kearny and Bush Streets. Orders from the country promptly attended to.
[mh21-tf]

MATTHEW O'BRIEN,
PRACTICAL PLUMBER,
GAS AND STEAM FITTER,
No. 1136 Market street.....Opposite Sixth
SAN FRANCISCO.

☞ All work warranted. Jobbing promptly attended to. [mh21-tf

DONOHUE & CO.,
Horse Shoers,
NO. 8 EVERETT STREET,
Near Third Street.....SAN FRANCISCO.
Horse Shoeing Done with Neatness and Dispatch.
mh14tf

WAGON AND CARRIAGE MAKERS.

Jackson Michigan Wagon,

The largest assortment on this coast now in store and for sale very low—all Wagons warranted for two years.
J. D. ARTHUR & SON.
Corner of California and Davis Streets, San Francisco.
jy4-tf

Z. H. CUNNINGHAM. G. W. PARKER.
CUNNINGHAM & PARKER,
BLACKSMITHS, CARRIAGE AND WAGON MAKERS.

JOBBING of every description executed with dispatch in a workmanlike manner.

Nos. 654, 656 & 658 Howard st., near Third, San Francisco
jy4-tf

SAN RAFAEL
Livery and Sale Stables,
FOURTH STREET, SAN RAFAEL.
M. GILLIGAN, - - Proprietor.
Saddle Horses, Carriages and Buggies furnished at short notice and on reasonable terms. jly 12-tf

FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGES
For Hire.

Richard Dowling.....Proprietor
Horses, Carriages, and Buggies for hire at the most reasonable rates,
No. 610 Howard street, between Second and New Montgomery, San Francisco. my24-tf

SPECIAL NOTICES.

X. TWIABA X.

THE WHITE SAGE.—A new preparation is offered to the public for the restoration of the hair by Dr. L. Terry, 323 Third street, and from the great number of testimonials published by prominent citizens of Elko, Nevada of its efficacy in giving strength to the hair and the speedy return of it to those who have been bald, oblige us to look upon it with more favor than the thousand other preparations already in market. The *Elko Independent* says: "A decoction of white Sage will accomplish more in restoring bald heads, fastening falling hair and renovating and giving healthy action to the scalp than a whole store of the usual remedies advertised for that purpose. Hundreds now in Nevada can testify to this fact, and a trial will convince any doubting Joseph that what we say of it in this respect will be borne out by results, if he will give it a fair trial." If such is the case, the Doctor will reap a rich harvest, for no other city can boast of as many bald-headed people as San Francisco. The medicine can be obtained from every druggist. None genuine without the signature of L TERRY, M. D., on the outside of the wrapper. HEATH FIELD, BOGEL & Co., General Agents. Sole Distiller, Dr L. Terry, Elko, Nevada.

☞ MISSING FRIENDS. ☜
Advertisements of this nature will be inserted three times for One Dollar.

INFORMATION WANTED—OF WILLIAM LANE, of River's View, Newmarket, County Cork, Ireland. He left Ireland three years ago, and came to America. When last heard from, about twelve months since, said to be on his way to California. Important information can be given him by addressing JOHN KENEALY, 30 Third street, San Francisco. Eastern papers please copy.

INFORMATION WANTED — OF MICHAEL LADEN AND PETER LADEN, Parish of Crosmolina, county Mayo. When last heard of in 1850, Peter was then in Liverpool, and Michael emigrated to the United States. Any information respecting them will be thankfully received by their brother, JAMES LADEN, Altamonte Station, Alameda County, California.
Eastern papers please copy.

AMUSEMENTS.

CALIFORNIA THEATRE.
MR. JOHN McCULLOUGH.....Proprietor and Manager
MR. BARTON HILL.....Acting Manager

Friday and Saturday Evenings, March 20 and 21,
MISS NEILSON
Will appear as LADY TEAZLE in Sheridan's fine old Comedy,
The School for Scandal!

SATURDAY AFTERNOON.....MARCH 21st
Neilson Matinee---SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL!

☞ The management with pleasure announces that MISS NEILSON has consented to remain one week longer, and will appear on Monday next, March 23d, as "Julia," in Sheridan Knowles' play of THE HUNCHBACK, in which she is pronounced without a rival.

PALACE AMPHITHEATRE,
—AND—
Grand Circus.
THE GREAT COMPANY,
EVERY EVENING,
Wednesday and Saturday Afternoons,
FRED. O'BRIEN,
Champion Vaulter of the Universe.
MILLIE TURNOUR,
The Ærial Queen,
AND A HOST OF OTHERS.
Take your wives and children with you.
JOHN WILSON, Director.
fe21tf

THE BEST IN THE WORLD.
TRY IT:
B. F. BARTON & CO'S
PEERLESS
Yeast Powder

The following unsolicited testimonial, from an entire stranger to us, is worth more than hundreds of solicited or purchased puffs:

EUREKA, January 27, 1873.

MR. BARTON:
Sir: I take pleasure in writing this note to you, to let you know that I have been cooking in the principal towns in California for the past ten years, and I can say that your Yeast Powder is the best that I ever used in that time, or any other time. I have been cooking for twenty years. You can publish this, if you wish.
Yours respectfully,
MR. G. BAYLEY,
Eureka, Humboldt Bay.

For the greater convenience of purchasers,
BARTON'S YEAST POWDER
Is put up in packages of one-quarter pound, one, two, five, ten, and twenty pounds, respectively.
Manufactory, 211, 213, Sacramento St.
[fe21tf]

JOHN G. HODGE & CO.,
IMPORTERS
—AND—
WHOLESALE STATIONERS.
THE TRADE SUPPLIED
At the Lowest Prices.
Counting Houses Supplied.
JOHN G. HODGE & CO.,
327, 329 & 331 Sansome St.,
SAN FRANCISCO.
mh14tf

HALL & WAGNER'S TRADE California BLEACHING SOAP. MARK.
Washes Without Rubbing!
It is warranted not to injure the finest fabrics, and will make Blankets and Flannels look equal to new.
Every Bar is Wrapped with Full Directions.
ENQUIRE FOR
HALL & WAGNER'S
Bleaching Soap.
Factory, Corner of Folsom and Sixteenth Sts., SAN FRANCISCO.
mh14tf

J. M. BRYAN,
—DEALER IN—
Stoves, Ranges and Tinware,
LEAD AND COPPER WORKER,
Manufacturer of
HYDRAULIC & ARTESIAN WELL PIPE, &c.
130 Third Street,
Between Mission and Howard, SAN FRANCISCO.
JOB WORK of all kinds done in the best possible manner. Particular attention paid to Hotel and Restaurant work. Water piping laid and Plumbing work done. Leaky Roofs repaired and smoky Chimneys cured.
Don't forget the number,
☞ 130 THIRD STREET. ☜
mh7tf

BOOTS AND SHOES.

PRICES
Will Tell!
Acknowledged by Every One
....THAT....
NOLAN BROS,
11 Third Street,
SELLS MORE SHOES,
SELLS BETTER SHOES,
....AND....
SELLS THEM CHEAPER
Than Any Other Shoe Store on the Pacific Coast.

NO MATTER WHAT YOU WANT IN THE SHOE Line, NOLAN BROS. has it, from an Infant's Shoe to the MAMMOTH BOOT.
Closing out a job of fine Shoes, some fifty dozen pairs, full scolloped, high cut, for.....$1 75
They are considered cheap by prudent buyers at.... 2 50
800 Pairs Ladies' Balmorals reduced to..... 1 50
We have on hand 600 pairs of Ladies' French Kid Boots, which, for Durability, Style and Quality, cannot be excelled—
We have reduced them to.....$4 50
Former price..... 6 00
900 Pairs Men's Calf Boots, screwed, at.....$3 50
Men's Box Toe Gaiters of our own manufacture—
Reduced from $5 to.....$3 50
500 Pairs of Gents' Alexis Ties, new style.....$4 50
Invite special attention to our immense stock of Men's Hand-sewed Boots, Congress Gaiters and Alexis, equal to any custom work.
NOLAN BROS.,
11 Third Street,
Sign of the Big Boot.
fe21tf

M. F. Walsh,
Fashionable
BOOT AND SHOE MAKER,
905½ Market Street, (corner of Fifth.)
All the latest styles of Boots and Shoes made to order, at the shortest notice. Also, a full assortment of Benkert's Philadelphia Boots. Orders and repairing promptly attended to. jly 19-tf

WILLIAM O'CONNELL,
FASHIONABLE
Boot Maker.
818 HOWARD STREET, (Irish-American Hall)
SAN FRANCISCO. jy4-tf

STEPHEN THOMAS,
PRIZE
BOOT MAKER,
LADIES AND MISSES BOOTS MADE TO ORDER. Paris, London and Melbourne. No. 142 Fourth Street, San Francisco. jy4-tf

John Leddy,
Manufacturer of and Dealer in
BOOTS AND SHOES,
120 FOURTH ST., (corner of Minna.)

Men's Boots	from	$2 50	to $4 00
Men's Boots (best quality)	from	5 50	to 8 00
Boys and Youth's Boots	from	1 50	to 3 50
Ladies' Gaiters	from	1 00	to 1 75
Misses' Gaiters	from	75	to 1 50
Misses' Balmorals	from	1 00	to 2 25
Children's French Calf	from	1 25	to 1 50
Children's French Goat	from	1 00	to 1 50

☞ ALL OF MY OWN MAKE. ☜
fe21tf

Thomas Healy,
Fashionable
BOOT AND SHOE MAKER,
677 Mission Street, (near Third.)
Repairing neatly done. jly 19-tf

Hugh O'Connor,
504 MARKET STREET,
Importer of
PHILADELPHIA BOOT LEGS.
Boot Legs cut to order at short notice. Footing fronts and sole leather kept on hand. jly19-tf

"Fredericksburg"
ENTRACHT SALOON,
545 California Street.
SCHRAMM & SCHNABEL, - Proprietors.
aug2tf

S. CARO,
IMPORTER AND DEALER IN
Fashionable Clothing,
—AND—
GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS.
No. 40 Third Street,
OPPOSITE JESSIE, SAN FRANCISCO.
Particular attention paid to the Fit and Cut of the Garment. New Goods received by every steamer. fe28tf

A. F. BENARD.
IMPORTER AND DEALER IN
Fine Wines, Liquors and Brandies,
N. E. COR. FIFTH AND HOWARD STS,
SAN FRANCISCO.
fe28tf

Yates' Branch Saloon
....AND....
BILLIARD HALL,
Corner of Market and Third Streets, San Francisco.
Choice Wines, Liquors and Cigars....English Ale an Porter on Draught....Ale, Beer and Porter Five cen per Glass....Genuine Staffordshire Ale.
fy2-tf YATES & CO., Proprietors.

Philadelphia Brewery,
JOHN WIELAND, - - Proprietor
Second Street, Near Folsom, San Francisco. jy4-tf

Dry Goods.

J. J. O'BRIEN'S
GREAT ANNUAL
Clearance Sale.

THE PUBLIC ARE RESPECTFULLY informed that our Great Annual Sale commences TO-MORROW (Monday), February 2d, and will be continued for twenty-six days. During that time the entire stock will be sold at a tremendous reduction.

The subjoined list of prices will give some idea of the reductions made, but to fully understand and appreciate the bargains that are now offered, ladies would do well to call and examine the Stock, compare prices, etc., (which I respectfully invite all intending purchasers to do) before purchasing elsewhere:

	Worth	Reduced to
BLACK SILKS,	$2 25	$1 25
BLACK SILKS,	2 50	1 50
BLACK SILKS,	3 00	2 00
BLACK SILKS,	3 25	2 25
BLACK SILKS,	3 50	2 50
BLACK SILKS,	4 00	2 75

☞ 20 pieces French Cros Grain Black and White Striped Silks, reduced to 75 cents a yard; original price, $1 25.
100 pieces Irish Poplins (Imitation), reduced to 25 cents a yard.
200 pieces Fine Wool Serges, reduced to 40 cents a yard.
50 pieces French Velours, 25 cents a yard; original price, 60 cents.
100 pieces English Poplin Alpacs, reduced to 25 cents a yard.

BLACK GOODS
ALL MARKED DOWN.
GOOD BLACK ALPACA,
25 cents a yard.
BEAUTIFUL BLACK CASHMERE,
75c. a yard; worth $1 25.

500 Wool Shawls (72x72), reduced to $1 50 each.
Large Heavy Gray Blankets, reduced to $2 a pair.
Large Size Marseilles Quilts, reduced to $1 each.
Large Size Linen Napkins, reduced to $1 a dozen.
Large Size Linen Towels, reduced to $1 a dozen.
Double Width Sheeting, reduced to 25 cents a yard.
Heavy Unbleached table Linen, reduced to 20 cents a yard.
Handsome Nottingham Lace Curtains, reduced to 25 cents a yard.
Heavy Wool Shaker Flannel, reduced to 25 cents a yard
Good Canton Flannel, reduced to 12½ cents a yard.
Oregon Scarlet Twilled Flannel, reduced to 37½ cents a yard.
Plain Scarlet Flannel, reduced to 25 cents a yard.
Heavy Scotch Ginghams, reduced to 12½ cents a yard.
All Linen Crash, 12 yards for $1.
Ladies' All Linen Hemstitched Handkerchiefs, 12½ cents each.
Gents' All Linen Handkerchiefs, 12½ cents each.
French Kid Gloves, 60 cents a pair.
Jouvin's Kid Gloves (First Choice), reduced to $1 25.
150 Beautiful Sashes, reduced to Half Price.
Men's Heavy Merino Shirts and Drawers, reduced to 50 cents a pair.
Ladies' English Merino Vests, reduced to 75 cents each.
Misses' and Boys' Merino Vests, reduced to 50 cents each.
Men's White and Colored Shirts, reduced to 75 cents each.
500 pairs Splendid French Corsets, reduced to 50 cents a pair.
Ladies' Scarfs, Bows, Lace Collars, and Fancy Goods reduced o one-quarter the original prices.

Bargains of Everything!
Bargains for the Million!
....AT....
J. J. O'BRIEN'S
606 Market street,
NEAR MONTGOMERY.
☞ Ladies will please remember that the Store will be losed at 6 o'clock during the sale.
f14tf

Dry Goods.

Last Week
—OF—
THE GREAT SALE
—AT—
28 Kearny St.

DRY GOODS!

—AT A—
TREMENDOUS REDUCTION

No Such Chance ever before offered in this City to buy Goods at such prices as we will sell them for during this week.

NOTICE
TO MILLINERS AND OTHERS.
WE WILL OFFER ON MONDAY AND FOLLOWING DAYS
BLACK SILK LACE, DOTTED.
BLACK SILK STREAMER LACE.
BLACK BRUSSELS LACE.
BLACK SPANISH LACE.
All of which will be sold for
TWO BITS ON THE DOLLAR.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

10 Bales of California Blankets will be sold less than mill prices, also, 100 of the Finest Toilet Bedspreads will be closed out at 30 cents on the dollar; also, 1,000 Patterns in Fine French Embroideries will be sold at half price.
☞ The attention of those in want of Dry Goods is particularly requested to this important sale, as seldom will they have as favorable an opportunity of purchasing the very best goods at decidedly low prices.
BY ORDER OF
J. C. TALBOT & CO.
f14tf